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COMMENT OF THE DAY

MORE MONEY

FEW will be surprised that the Hongkong University may have to ask Government soon for more money. The figures published in the China Mail on Thursday show that in three key faculties the University is not able to meet the demand for places. It is particularly regrettable that the science faculty should be so handicapped, though this seems to be more because of a shortage of staff than money.

Of course, it is one thing to say there ought to be places for all in Hongkong University, another to provide them. Additional funds may meet part—though not all—of the University's problem. Public donations—such as the one made by Northwest Airlines—are also welcome, but here the University has a formidable rival in the new Technical College which has received not only generous public financial assistance but also offers to set up particular courses.

SHORTCUT

IN the case of the Technical College its appeal lies in the fact that it promises to turn out men equipped to meet the needs of local industry by a more direct and less expensive method. But it was never intended as a shortcut to higher education which still requires much solid support.

The problem the University faces is that demand for places will grow every year as the population rises and the schools turn out more and more. Higher education is available at other institutions in the Colony but their scope is limited and none have quite the same appeal, nor can any award as highly prized a degree as the University.

The big European firms and Government would do well to consider employing more local graduates than going to the UK for senior and technical staff, and also making regular endowments to the University. The same advice may be given to the University—to encourage the appointment of local lecturers by providing overseas scholarships for graduates to be awarded on condition that on completion of their course they return to an appointment in Hongkong University at a salary comparable to those being offered to imported staff. But as for money it seems that Government will have to help any major expansion by providing financial contributions initially.

NEW U.S. MOVE ON MIDDLE EAST

Secret Departure Of Loy Henderson QUICK SURVEY

Washington, Aug. 23. The Deputy Under-Secretary of State Mr. Loy Henderson, Middle East "trouble shooter," has been sent to the Middle East on a quick survey tour because of "recent developments" in Syria, it was announced today.

Mr. Henderson, who left Washington secretly yesterday, is scheduled to arrive in Turkey on Sunday. He will visit other Middle East countries, but has no definite schedule yet.

U.S. ARMY CUTS

Washington, Aug. 23. The Army announced today it will close 16 facilities, eliminate 15,000 civilian jobs and drop one combat division as a result of the pentagon economy drive.

It said it would also cut out 18 of its present 122 anti-aircraft artillery battalions. They are 90 and 120 mm. gun outfits, generally considered ineffective against modern bombers, and probably would have been deactivated anyway.

The Army said the reductions and closings are necessary to keep within its fiscal 1958 spending ceiling of US\$8,950,000,000 and its planned reduction of 50,000 troops.—United Press.

He's Going Back

Le Havre, Aug. 23. Jean-Baptiste Guerres, 44-year-old Frenchman who has been dubbed in the French press, "the French sailor for Princess Margaret's hand," started work here today helping load supplies onto a tanker.

M. Guerres, a burly, genial man, has been living in a Salvation Army hostel here since Saturday. He said British police escorted him from the country after he went to Balmoral Castle to ask for Princess Margaret's hand.

He will be paid about 600 francs (10/-) for his afternoon's work. Tomorrow he starts work at a local mineral water warehouse. He told reporters he planned to go to Britain again.—Reuter.

Spectators Hurt 8 Knocked Down By Fire Hose

London, Aug. 23. A heavy fire hose knocked down spectators at a fire at a teachers' college today and eight had to be sent to hospital.

Firemen were fighting the fire at St. Katherine's Teachers Training College when the hose, being pulled into position by a truck, whipped into the crowd at ankle height.

Women and children were pushed down in the rush to avoid the hose.

At least a score of spectators were knocked to the pavement by the hose itself and two baby carriages were toppled over.

Eight people, including two small children, were rushed to the hospital with injuries. One elderly woman was detained with a possible fracture of the leg received when the hose pinned her against a wall.

The fire raged for more than two hours, gutting a dormitory at the College before 50 firemen could extinguish it. Students were away on holiday and no one was injured in the blaze.—United Press.

In Place Of De Lesseps

Cairo, Aug. 23. A statue of "an Egyptian peasant with his wife by his side" will be placed on the pedestal which formerly bore the statue of Ferdinand De Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal, Egyptian newspapers stated today.

The statue of De Lesseps was blown up after the evacuation of the Franco-British forces from Port Said last December.—France-Press.

No Explanation

Mr. White said Mr. Henderson probably would not visit Syria, which has accused the United States of plotting to overthrow the leftist regime.

He had no explanation as to why Mr. Henderson's departure was not made public for 24 hours.

Mr. White said the United States had no information to confirm reports from London that "thousands of Soviet volunteers" are entering Syria.

However, he said the Department was aware that the Russians who have been sending technicians to Syria for a long time, had increased this activity.

Uncertain

Mr. White indicated that officials were still uncertain as to the extent of Communist control in Syria. He said Mr. Henderson's trip was being postponed until the situation in Damascus might now postpone a scheduled October trip to the United States for consultations.

US Officials said they had no definite information that Syria had signed a new arms agreement with the Soviet Union. They suspected, however, that Syria arranged to get more arms during recent talks in Moscow.—United Press.

Sunken Ship Refloated

London, Aug. 23. A three thousand-ton Japanese ship sunk off the Pohna Bay (Gulf of Chihli) during the war has been refloated and entered the dockyard at the Tientsin new harbour today, the New China News Agency reported.

Koisan Maru, a passenger and cargo ship, ran aground and was sunk in 1940 during the Japanese occupation of Tientsin. The ship is expected to be restored to service by 1959.—Reuter.

"Rescue"—By The Red Devils



A 19-year-old showgirl, Valerie Hunt was "imprisoned" by enemy troops in an 80-roomed Elizabethan mansion on Salisbury Plain on Monday. Then along came the opposing forces in the Army exercise "Operation My Fair Lady"—men of the 3rd Parachute Bn—the Red Devils. Led by Capt. Richard Dawnay, they burst through the door and "rescued" Valerie.

The photo shows: Capt. Dawnay, pistol in one hand, and carrying Valerie over his shoulder, during Monday's "rescue" exercise.—Keystone Photo.

AUSTRALIAN WHO SHAVED IN FRONT OF MILAN CATHEDRAL IN TROUBLE

Milan, Aug. 23. An Australian who combines sightseeing with shaving was criticised by Italian newspapers today for alleged lack of respect for one of the nation's most famous tourist sights.

Dennis Reade, of Brisbane, was moved on by police yesterday after he stopped his amphibious Jeep in the square in front of Milan's famous Cathedral and proceeded to shave himself while observing its famous facade.

OUTCRY

Italian newspapers blasted him today for disrespect. "What would happen," they asked, "if he did that at home?"

The attack followed an outcry in Rome earlier this week against the "indecent" dress of some women tourists. Rome police headquarters issued special instructions to police on the beat to reprimand

women dressed in shorts and other "sacred" garb. Reade is touring Europe with two girl friends in a DUKW, an amphibious vehicle which looks like an elongated Jeep and is equally at home on land and in the water.

He told curious onlookers in Milan he had "swum the Channel" in it and later planned to take it home to Brisbane by way of Yugoslavia, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, India, Siam, Malaya and Indonesia.

NO PARKING

Police were called to the DUKW in the square in front of the Cathedral yesterday after a crowd collected around it to watch Reade shaving.

The police pointed out that the DUKW was parked in a non-parking place in the middle of the sidewalk and

★ civilised people shave at home or in a barber shop.

Reade was shaving with an electric razor plugged into an attachment on the vehicle, police said. One of his women passengers was "silent on various chores which are normally carried out in the bathroom," Milan's afternoon Corriere Della Sera quoted him as saying.

It did not say what they were.—United Press.

ISRAEL PROTESTS ON SHIP HOLD-UP

New York, Aug. 23. Israel today protested to the president of the Security Council, Dr. Francisco Urrutia of Colombia, against Egypt's action in delaying passage of an Israeli-bound freighter, Mars, in the Suez Canal.

Mr. Mordecai R. Kidron, acting permanent representative of Israel to the United Nations, in a letter to Dr. Urrutia said his Government wished to draw the attention of the Security Council to "a new instance of the methods of harassment and intimidation pursued by the Government of Egypt in the Suez Canal" against merchant shipping trading with Israel.

Mr. Kidron said Israel regarded "the high-handed" and arbitrary behaviour of the Egyptian authorities as a gross violation of the principle of free passage for shipping of all nations through the Canal.—Reuter.

U.S. Youths' Statement Over Radio Peking

Tokyo, Aug. 23. American youths, in China in defiance of U.S. State Department wishes, today issued a call for "free intercourse" between China and America. Thirty-six of a total of 41 American youths who arrived in Peking only this afternoon voiced the call in a statement issued shortly after their arrival at the capital's railroad station.

The statement was broadcast by the New China News Agency which said 36 of the 41 Americans signed the statement, the agency gave no explanation of why all of the American youths did not sign it.

The students, in their statement, said, "We regard our visit as one important step in this direction (promoting free interchange)."—United Press.

Templer Visit

Singapore, Aug. 23. Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, would visit Hongkong between Sept. 3 and 6.—Reuter.

FRANCE AFTER CHINA ORDERS

Paris, Aug. 23. The French Government through the state nationalised industries is making a strong bid to secure for France a fair share of the China market, reliable sources said here today.

A 10-man French economic mission led by Senator Henri Rochereau and including experts of the state railways, railways and electricity corporation is leaving for China early next week.

New state-backed companies have been set up to negotiate and sell abroad the know-how and material developed by the French state industries.

Two companies—"sofrerail" representing the railways and "sofermine" for the collieries—have so far been formed and have already won important contracts in India and Japan.

The formation of "sofretel" representing the State Electricity Corporation is expected to be announced soon.—Reuter.

Still Hope Says Zorin

London, Aug. 23. The Soviet disarmament delegate Mr. Valerian Zorin told the London conference today Russia had not rejected the West's disarmament proposals and wanted to know more about them.

Mr. Zorin ignored Moscow propaganda blasts against the Western break-through offer of a two-year nuclear test suspension and fired a flurry of questions at Western delegates.

Then he declared, "I wish to state that while asking these questions and clarifications, I entirely refrain from stating conclusions regarding these proposals."

He promised careful study.—United Press.

Paratrooper Guilty

Kempen, Aug. 23. A warrant officer in the new West German Army, whose orders during an exercise led to the drowning of 15 paratroopers, was today sentenced to eight months' imprisonment, but had his sentence immediately suspended for five years.

Warrant Officer Dieter Jullitz, who ordered the units of paratroopers under his command to cross a flooded and dangerously swift river, was charged with homicide through negligence as a result of the deaths of 15 of his men.—France-Press.

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KING'S PRINCESS

— TO-DAY —

Academy Award
Winner for Best Story

An Adventure and a Love Story
touched with greatness...and that
living quality called heart!



THE KING BROTHERS PRESENT
The Brave One

INTRODUCING
MICHEL RAY

JOHN RAPPAPORT - HARRY FRANKLIN & MERILEE C. WHITE - MAURICE KING & FRANK KING

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TECHNICOLOR

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
At 11.00 a.m.

KING'S PRINCESS
20th Century-Fox Walt Disney-RKO

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEE

To-morrow at 12.15 p.m.

A Superb Indian Film by Black & White Movies

Goeta — Devanand — Nadira & Gope

in "POCKET MAAR"

Music: Madan Mohan Written & Directed by Rawail

8 Hit Songs — Regular Prices



20th Century-Fox present
Marilyn Monroe & Joseph Cotton

in "NIAGARA"

in Technicolor

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
THE MOST STARTLING SPY-HUNT EVER FILMED!



STAR: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of
"FOREIGN INTRIGUE" At 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" LATEST FOX

A Puppet Show in Color TECHNICAL CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m.

James Stewart in

"WINCHESTER '73"

Color by Technicolor

At Reduced Prices

The Garrison Players

are holding a
CASTING MEETING
for their first production of the season:—

"THE DEEP BLUE SEA"

by
TERENCE RATTIGAN

Monday, August 26th, at 7.30 p.m.

KING GEORGE'S HALL, THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN
40 Gloucester Road, Hong Kong

Whoever you are, Member or non-Member, Services
or Civilian, you will be made most welcome. There
could be a part for YOU.

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by
ANTHONY FULLER

Orlando:

I am sorry but I can't tell you much about this picture. The Roxy and the Broadway Theatre made a sudden switch so that "An Affair to Remember" will not be shown until late in September. However, Orlando is a prestige picture filmed in Eastman colour, and is dubbed in English.

I have not heard the sound track as everything depends on how well the dialogue is dubbed. It is a spectacular stuff with gallant knights in shining armour, chivalry across wide open plains, while the beautiful maidens weep and wring their hands in anguish. Orlando is Tennyson's Sir Galahad, surrounded by medieval stunts.

This is magnificent spectacle, holding the whole world in its world in its, starring Rick Battaglia, Rosanna Schiaffino, and Fabrizio Mioni.

Stirring Epoch

Mohawk:

The blazing spectacle of frontier warfare serves as an exciting background to adventure and forbidden love in Mohawk, now showing at the Liberty and Hoover Theatres. Scott Brady, Rita Gam, and Neville Brand, top a superb cast in this daring action drama photographed in Widevision and Eastman colour.

The script brings to life a stirring epoch of American history: the courageous struggle of the early pioneers to settle in the great Mohawk Valley, the hunting grounds of the Mohawks and the other mighty Iroquois tribes. Set against this stirring background is a strange, primitive love story that defies all rules. Scott Brady plays the role of a young artist-frontierman—who falls in love with Rita Gam, the daughter of the chief of the Iroquois. Their love proves stronger than fear, stronger than the hatred and distrust that locks the white man and Indian in mortal combat. Neville Brand has one of the most important roles of his career, as a revengeful brave whose hate for the white man threatens not only the settlers but the warriors of the entire Iroquois nation.

Two Girls

Competing with Rita Gam for Scott Brady's love are two girls, Lori Nelson and Allison Hayes. Lori plays the role of a Boston society girl who pursues Brady, her fiancé, into the wild Mohawk Valley. She finds that absence has made his heart grow fonder, for he is now interested in Allison Hayes, a lusty vivacious pioneer girl, who scorns the niceties of high society in her determination to win Scott.

You can now tell that everything is set for a really good showdown, what with the Indians and the jealous women. I think this picture scores with its mass scenes of action. There is a terrific shot as the Indians, armed with flaming arrows fire a volley into the heavy log walls. The colour lends itself to this kind of thing and made me regret that all this new colour technique came after my cowboy and Indian days.

The music of this film is rather good, a stirring score based on authentic Indian folk-tunes.

Talented Child

The Brave One: The Brave One, now showing at the King's and Princess Theatres has already been reviewed in these columns. The film has been called back because the original choice for the

week-end did not come up to local expectations.

Now my authorities on bull-fighting are Ernest Hemingway and Tom Lea, principally the former. I had better say right away that bull-fighting as a spectacle does not appeal to me, and that I do not consider it a sport. I tried hard to appreciate Hemingway's point of view as he spoke with inspired mysticism of the "moment of truth." That is when the keen sword strikes the live matador, and the dying bull, in an unholy trinity of unnecessary agony. I had much more sympathy with the old lady sitting beside me in the cinema who stood up and shouted with glee as the bull tossed the matador base over apex.

All this is to say that the climax of this film takes place in Mexico City's vast Plaza de Mexico where Fermín Rivera, the celebrated matador, goes through his paces with "Gloria," the invincible pet bull of the story.

Picture-goers will recall many shots from Walt Disney's, *The Little Outlaw*, quite frankly, I formed the opinion that both films were on location at the same time.

I did enjoy the scenes of Mexico City and the beautiful countryside, but what I cannot understand is the delight in the violence that seems to percolate through every strata of that country.

Our attention is called to Michael Ray, the talented child actor who fights to save the life of the brave bull. Talented, indeed, but I am not thinking in the sense that he

dubbed this film himself in six languages. Actor he is not; I could almost see the director leaning over him as he shot the close-ups where the kid strives to shed tears for his pet bull. He is much better in the long shots chasing through the streets of Mexico City, and it did my heart good to see he enjoyed the natural outlet of all small boys, climbing walls and jumping down into the bull-ring. Better than that, the rather little nauseating child prodigy. My verdict is, delightful camera work in colour against a strange wild beautiful landscape, but too much about bulls.

A Thriller

Foreign Intrigue:

Foreign Intrigue, showing at the Metropole and Star, takes its title literally. It is a suspense thriller, written and directed by one of America's young outstanding TV producers, and this is his debut as a full-length movie director. Filmed in colour, in Sweden, Paris, Versailles and Monaco, it takes you on a violent excursion through Europe. It is a show world of traitors-for-hire where blackmail buys a soul, where a bullet fired in a Vienna slum is heard in London Foreign Office. Where a blonde's warm promise in Stockholm turns to ice on the Riviera. In short, a situation where you hold the world in your hand one minute, and the next it goes off your face. The story involves the death of an international tycoon on the French Riviera which soon envelopes his publicity man, (Robert Mitchum) in a quest for the four most evil men in the world. The female roles are played by two new comers, Genevieve Page, a smart young Parisian, and Ingrid Tulcan, an exciting young Swedish girl.

The Accolade

Hollywood, ever, generous with its extravagant vocabulary, does not hesitate to bestow the accolade of genius on young Sheldon Reynolds, the creator of this film. I hesitate there. Good it is, the work of an excellent craftsman, but most of it, an application of points picked up from the old masters, and in particular, I should say, Hitchcock. Notice Mitchum and the shabby trench-coat touch as he lurks in a frightening alley as feet come clattering in his direction. Notice also how fear comes stalking with stark reality from such casual places as a hotel desk or a Swedish courtyard.

Nevertheless, Sheldon was not afraid to leave Hollywood and its courtyard, the ancient pomp of the changing of the Palace Guard in the bright Swedish uniforms with shining silver helmets, and the beautiful waterways of Stockholm.

You will notice I give Reynolds most of the credit for this film. That is because that is where it belongs. His formula has been to move from country to country, the whole world is his stage, he peoples it with people whose ethics are no larger than a bank-roll. Foreign Intrigue is the suspense film of the week, with a lot of beautiful shots of Europe thrown in.

Grisly Fancies

Phantom Of The Rue Morgue: Edgar Allan Poe is still, in my opinion, the master of the shudder. No one before or since has had such supreme control over his wild, grisly fancies. His

powerful imagination was balanced by the strong force of his intellect and it was the combination of these qualities that made him an incomparable artist. He is the grand exemplar of the art of the short story, for, by reasoning out everything, he did, he taught more by his example than he did by his achievements.

Now you would have thought Hollywood would have been proud to have had this of one of its own countrymen. Not on your life! Apart from mentioning that this film is taken from that classic horror, *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, nothing is said to herald yet another victory of the mediocre over the genius.

The Shudder

You've all read the story, no doubt while lying in bed, and you recall the delicious shudder when you realised it was time to put out the light and go to sleep. Well, go along to the Queen's and the Alhambra, and see what kind of job Warner Bros have made of it.

Made in Warner-Colour, this film starring Karl Malden, Claude Dauphin, Patricia Medina, and Steve Forrest, takes us to the decadent quarters of Paris that provide the background for so much of the literature of the last half of the nineteenth century; the Latin Quarter, the Sorbonne University, the Apache hangouts, the Paris Zoo.

Action of the film revolves about the terror loosed upon the City of Paris by a gargantuan phantom whose physical strength coupled with an illusive cunning brings panic to the populace. The only thing that can be said in favour of this crazed monster is that when it selects a victim, it is always a beautiful woman.

Gas-lit Paris

Unless you have read the story, not until the final scenes can you determine the nature of the creature that is haunting this Bohemian underworld of Paris. Then follows a really good series of shots as the monster is lured into keep after a thrilling chase across the roof-tops against the gloomy background of gas-lit Paris.

The more sophisticated will appreciate the creation of an artist's studio in which a gauze-draped model poses in a *vie de Bohème*. Also the antics of a pair of Apache dancers when the female of the species gets the worst of it every time.

Summing up is a bit difficult. You see, a film doesn't frighten me, on the other hand reading a book does, and so does a stage presentation. Yet, (I think) was this film a murmur of fear went round the whole theatre when the monster's ap- proach was heralded. It is a good film, very well made, and the colour adds to those ghastly shadows.

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To-morrow Morning Show "TYPHOON TREASURE"

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AT 11.30 A.M.

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"PHANTOM OF THE RUE MORGUE"

ALHAMBRA:— RKO presents JANE RUSSELL in

"UNDERWATER"

SuperScope — Technicolor

AT REDUCED PRICES

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

THIS ARTIST CREATED MASTERPIECES

By DOC QUIGG

New York. A FELLOW here has been trying in vain for more than a year to find direct descendants of one of the finest artists ever to hit these shores. The Government owes them nearly \$12,000.

The artist was Emanuel Ninger, a stocky, blue-eyed man with a blond beard and a profile somewhat like that of Gen. U.S. Grant. Ninger came here from Germany in 1882 when he was 35. The

You Saw Things That Weren't There

ship's manifest listed him, peculiarly, as "sign painter."

He did work briefly as a sign painter in Hoboken, N.J., but the employer said he wasn't good enough at it. Ninger didn't need the job, however, because meantime he had put his tremendous talent to work. He and his wife, Adelade, eventually bought a farm in Flagtown, N.J., living comfortably with three daughters and a son in a house which had one room set aside for Ninger and his art.

Working only with pen, ink, and brushes he created masterpieces that later were praised

by art critics. His drawing was impressionistic, yet frankly imitative. He imitated money—\$20, \$50, and \$100 bills.

The Secret Service considers his hand drawings the most artistic counterfeit of U.S. notes in currency history. Some of his notes occupy a place of honor, framed to set off their beauty, in the U.S. Secret Service files room in Washington. At his trial, art critics said his work was fine impressionistic art—he made you see things that weren't there.

Lacking a steel graver to work with, he couldn't put in

certain fine details with his cruder instruments. He got around this by simply leaving them out and suggesting their presence to artfully that even if you looked closely you got the impression they were there.

He even left out the tiny words, which were carried on bills at the time, saying they were made "At The Bureau Of Engraving And Printing." When the secret service later asked him why, he replied with pride and dignity: "Because they didn't make 'em."

It has been estimated that Ninger successfully passed between \$300 and \$400 of this stuff a month for about 17 years

(including three years before he came to this country). When the Secret Service finally caught him, they found only \$978 in real money in the house.

Folks around Flagtown figured Ninger must have had a lot of gold hidden around the place, and one man who later bought the farm went mad looking for it, according to Murray Leigh Bloom, who has ensnared Ninger in a book just published by Scribners entitled "Money Of Their Own."

The book deals with the lives and easy times of 10 master international counterfeiters. Last

year when Bloom was working on the Ninger chapter, he discovered that \$350 of the real money seized in Ninger's house never was returned to him or his family. Ninger got out of jail in 1909. There is no record of date of place of death.

Bloom tried by local phone, by notices in the New York Times, by letters throughout the country to locate descendants of Emanuel and Adelade. None stepped forth to claim the money.

At the six per cent compound interest paid on claims against the Government, the \$350 taken in 1909 when Ninger was arrested now is \$11,545.74—and growing fast.—United Press.

Aladdin's Lamp Of 1957

Berkeley, Calif. MRS Ernest Gray told how she dusted an old light fixture and—almost like Aladdin and his Lamp—turned up a treasure.

The hoard consisted of \$44,000 in cash and about \$5,000 in diamonds.

The money and jewels apparently had been hidden in the light fixture by the former owner of the Grays' house, Mrs Frances Matthews.

UNBELIEVABLE

Mrs Matthews was a sweet little old lady who had a shoplifting record stretching back to the 1920's. Her latest arrest was in 1953, when a judge fined her \$100 for trying to slip out of a supermarket with a pound of butter.

She died in April, 1956, at the age of 78. Some \$20,000 in cash was found in her house before the Grays bought it.

Mrs Gray found the latest hoard early last week while dusting the fixture.

"Suppose I look up here and find a lot of money?" Mrs Gray gaily asked her husband. Gray laughed and handed her a dust cloth.

Mrs Gray reached up to brush away some cobwebs and in doing so found a brown paper package, a faded coin purse and an old brown sock.

SHOPLIFTER

"We could hardly believe it," she said.

"We talked it over and debated whether anybody had any right to it," Gray said. "We didn't take long to make up our minds. The next day I called my lawyer and after that we turned it over to Mr. Sapiro, the lawyer for Mrs Matthews' estate."

The money will eventually go to Guido Dogs For The Blind, Inc., a non-profit organization and the sole beneficiary of Mrs Matthews' estate.—United Press.

JOHNNY WAS FEELING HOT SO...

Detroit.

Johnny McGee, 4, was back home in Toledo after proving himself a cool customer of the Detroit Police Department.

Johnny, dressed only in a bathing suit, still found Toledo stifling and crawled into an air conditioned bus at the station eight blocks from his home.

The bus driver, used to carrying all kinds of passengers, noticed Johnny on the bus but thought he belonged to one of the women aboard and rolled out of the station for Detroit. Johnny arrived here at 9:30 p.m., just about the time his mother, Mrs Bonnie McGee, who has five other children to care for, was reporting him missing in Toledo.

A phone call set things straight and Johnny's father came for him. But Johnny had made identification for Detroit police last night. He said then he was 10.—United Press.

WHILE THIS ONE WOVE AN OUTDATED \$1 BILL ON A SIX-FOOT RUG

By JAMES BAAR

Washington. Uncle Sam doesn't like people to whip up dollar bills on their own even in the form of a six-foot rug.

The Secret Service emphasized the point when it made a nearby suburban dry cleaner remove from his window an Iranian rug that looked like an outdated one dollar bill.

Dry cleaner Alex George first put the three-by-six-foot woolly buck on dis-

play in his Arlington, Va., store.

The Secret Service told him to remove it or face unpleasantness for possession of a facsimile of U.S. currency. The Secret Service wanted to know who owned the rug.

George refused to disclose the owner's name. He said the relationship between

a dry cleaner and his clients is sacred.

But after talking with his lawyers he removed the rug—to a window in his Silver Spring, Md., store.

"They said I should take it to Maryland where we know the laws better," he said.

The Secret Service turned up in Maryland, too. They

still didn't think much of the rug being displayed.

George reluctantly surrendered. He promised to remove the rug from his window if the Secret Service would stop asking the name of the rug's owner.

"I don't see what harm it could do to the American dollar to have it on display," George said morosely, "who could spend a rug?"

STARTLING FACTS OF NUDE BATHING IN SWEDEN

Stockholm.

Swedes, who have been listening to everyone abroad tell them that "everyone" here swims in the nude, had a close look at themselves.

A Stockholm newspaper published the results of an investigation into nude bathing and just who takes off their suits.

The survey showed that 29 per cent of men and women interviewed on the question prefer to swim in the raw. Thirty-seven per cent modestly insist on some form of bathing suit, brief or otherwise. Twelve per cent said they were "uncertain."

22 Per Cent Don't Swim

The remaining 22 per cent, the survey noted somewhat disapprovingly "do not go swimming at all."

Who takes off their suits?

"The most eager are those between 30 and 39 years of age," according to the survey. "Surprisingly, the majority of young men and women between 16 and 22 prefer wearing suits."

Men outnumbered women in preferring swimming in the nude. A "very large" percentage of the women interviewed said they "would never dream of" taking off their suits, the survey said.

City Dwellers Prefer It

City dwellers also prefer nude bathing more than countryfolk.

In Sweden, nude bathing is legal on special sections of beaches so marked.

There are no walls, no barriers. Half of some beaches are reserved for family use, the other half for the uninhibited of any and all ages.—United Press.

WHITE DISCS FOR CHILD L-CYCLISTS

London.

L-tests are to be introduced for child cyclists.

Those who don't take the test or don't pass will probably have to carry white discs on front and back mudguards to show that they are learners.

But it is unlikely that the tests will be compulsory. Mr Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport, announced the tests in the Commons the other day—and an L-training scheme for child cyclists.

Parents' job. The Ministry said that it would be up to parents to see that their children took part in the scheme.

Mr Watkinson would follow the principles laid down in a Working Party report presented a year ago.

Administrative difficulties and the burden on the police. But it suggested badges for children who have passed, and white discs—diameter 4in.—for those who have not.

Saving lives

Some local councils have already run schemes and tests with grants from the Government. Hampshire Road Safety Committee has had a scheme for years.

The chairman, Councillor Miss Doris Bailey, said: "We have proved that these tests and training are saving children's lives."

Hampshire holds the national record of not having a child cyclist aged between five and 15 killed on its roads for 500 years.—United Press.

TABLE MANNERS, NOW



Margie (left) and Fifi were having a lesson in table manners when they, with five other chimps, took part in a rehearsal for the chimpanzees' tea party at the Zoo. The party is to be held regularly.

THE NIGHT OF THE 30 YUL BRYNNERS

Canterbury.

THIRTY bald heads—all pink and shiny—bobbed down the road in Aylesham, Kent.

Beneath the glistening pates 30 miners laughed at the result of a bet for ten cigarettes in the bar of the Moor's Head, is nearby Adisham.

Miner Bob Bailey, 34, had said: "You know, I'd like a Yul Brynner haircut." His friend Cyril Theobald said: "Bet you ten cigarettes you wouldn't."

That started it. Sitting in the bar was 65-year-old Lew Jones, the miners' amateur barber. Before you could say The King and I, Bob was as bald as an egg.

Then Cyril took the chair. A little more cut and thrust from Lew and Theobald was...ch...bald.

SHEEP STATION

Seven others followed, and the bar parlour looked like a sheep-shearing station. The next night, Lew had more customers. Domes of various shapes emerged from under the thatches.

Everyone laughed—except Mrs Barbara Christie, of Cornwell, Avenue, Aylesham—married seven months to 26-year-old miner David Christie.

His looked out of the window and by the light of a street lamp saw her husband's shining...hairless. She went upstairs without speaking, and he left the house the next day.

He returned the following day for his clothes and asked her if she still thought he looked ugly. She said she did.

STUBBLY HAIR

In court, Christie said he had had his head shaved because he thought it suited his work as a miner. He did not do it for a bet.

Christie had hair—a stubbly black growth—but nevertheless hair.

Perry Watson, a member of Aylesham Working Men's Club, said that all the Yul Brynners were gradually disappearing under healthy new growths.

RECORD IS 21 YEARS OLD

London.

The bright voice that answers London telephone callers with the time of day whenever they call T.M. celebrated its 21st birthday a few weeks ago.

It is the recorded voice of Mrs Emma Bailey, wife of an English theatrical producer. Since July 24, 1936, Mrs Bailey's voice has told the time every ten seconds, day and night, to a total of more than 857,000 Londoners.—United Press.

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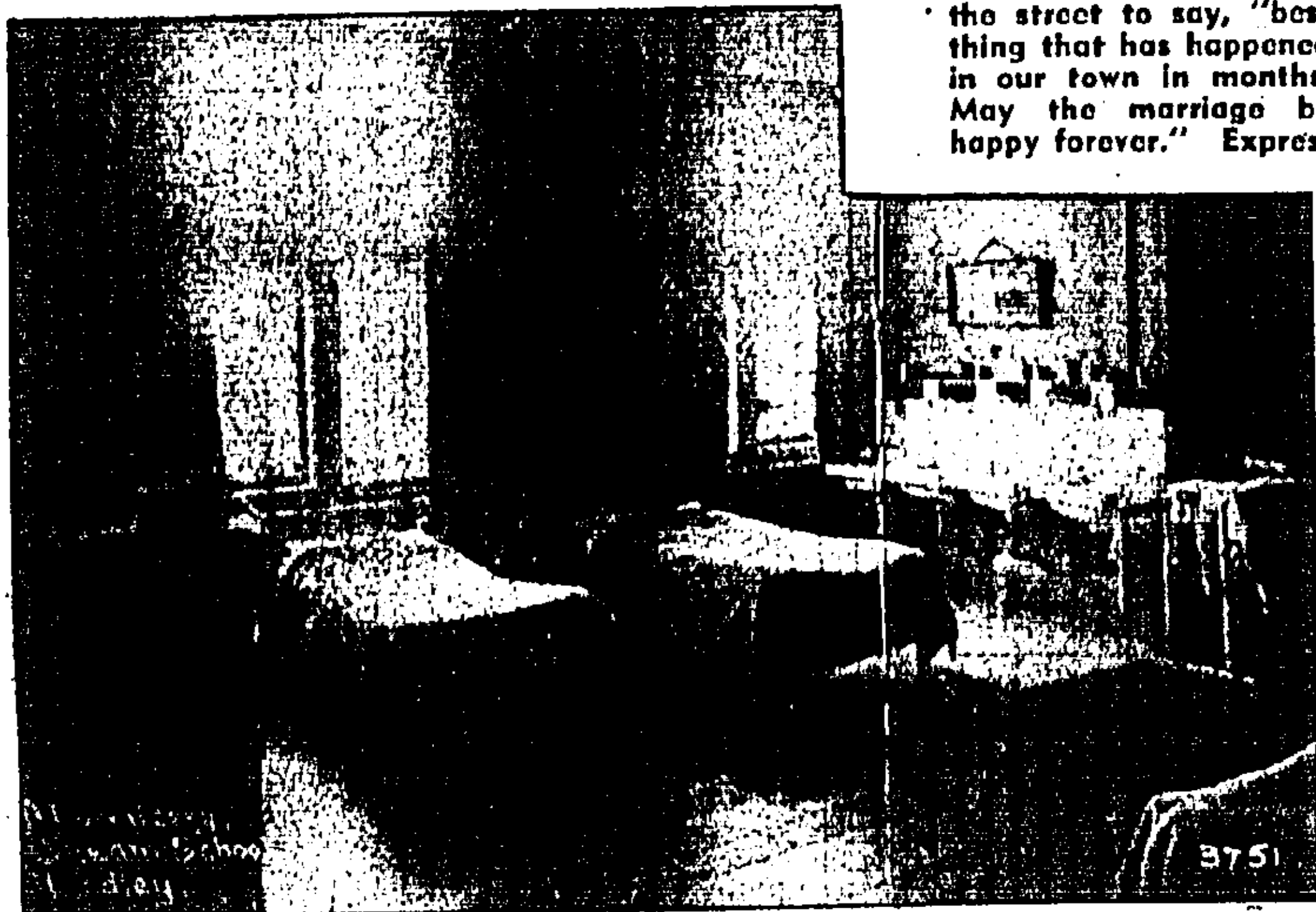
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



After the Cyprus wedding of British Sergeant Herbert Teesdale and formerly anti-British Ayra ("Soft Breake"), came the surprise; well wishers stopped them in the street to say, "best thing that has happened in our town in months. May the marriage be happy forever." Express



They told merchant seaman Roy Solly (35) that he had better sit down... this was when he went to see his 29-year-old wife Lillian at Hackney Hospital. Then, before his wife could say a word, four women in the ward yelled: "She's got quads." That doubles the Sollys. Express



HE VANISHED... 7-year-old Allan Warren (RIGHT) outside a public house in Loughton while his parents had a drink. His body was found three days later, strangled, mauled by a sexual killer.

HE VANISHED... 4-year-old Allan Murphy (BELOW), proud owner of a new blue tricycle, while playing in Pockham. Alerted by the Warren tragedy, 100 police and half Pockham hunted all day. Mother waited heartick at home. At 10 pm Allan was found, 100 yards from the police station in Plumstead, bowed over his new handlebars asleep. He had tricycled 10 miles in 11½ hours. Said Allan, "There were nice men who helped me. I said I came from my Daddy's in Camberwell, but they didn't believe me. At some traffic lights a policeman took me across. He didn't ask anything." Express



RIGHT: Engagement in Blackpool... Belfast's anchoring singer Ruby Murray and quartet vocalist Bernard Burgess found-themselves on the same programme, and decided to keep it that way. Express



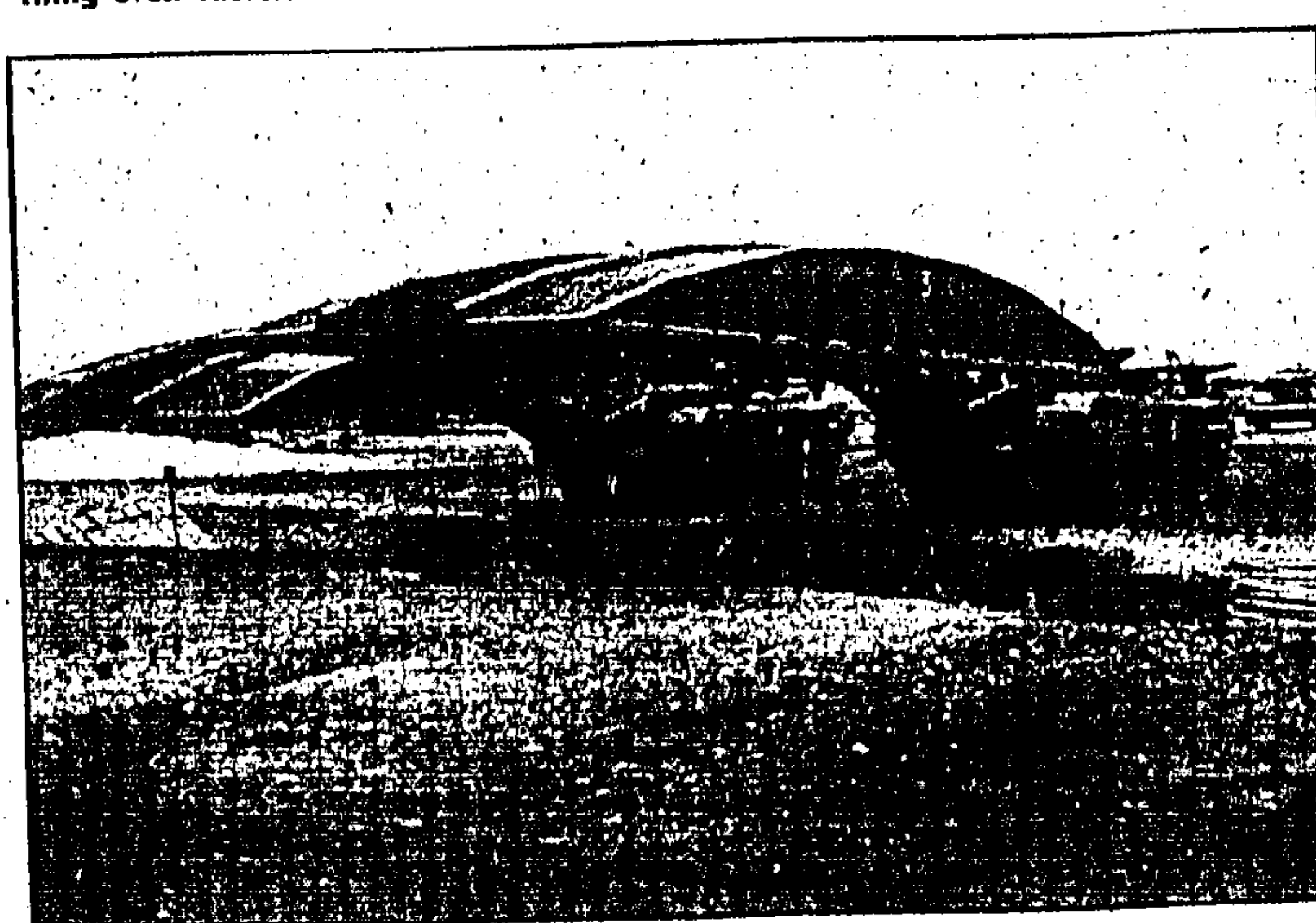
FIT FOR A KING... England's heir is going to school. Some say he should stay at home and go to a Council day school. His parents prefer the more Spartan, more "English" setting of an ordinary boarding school. Express

FIT FOR A PRINCE... the pavement at Cowes (LEFT), where no one minds or notices if the yachtsman is a Duke. Express

BELOW: Mrs Jean Mann, Labour MP, strongly criticised actress Vivien Leigh who is on holiday in Italy with her daughter Suzanne Holman; and Suzanne's father... Vivien's first husband... barrister Leigh Holman. Express



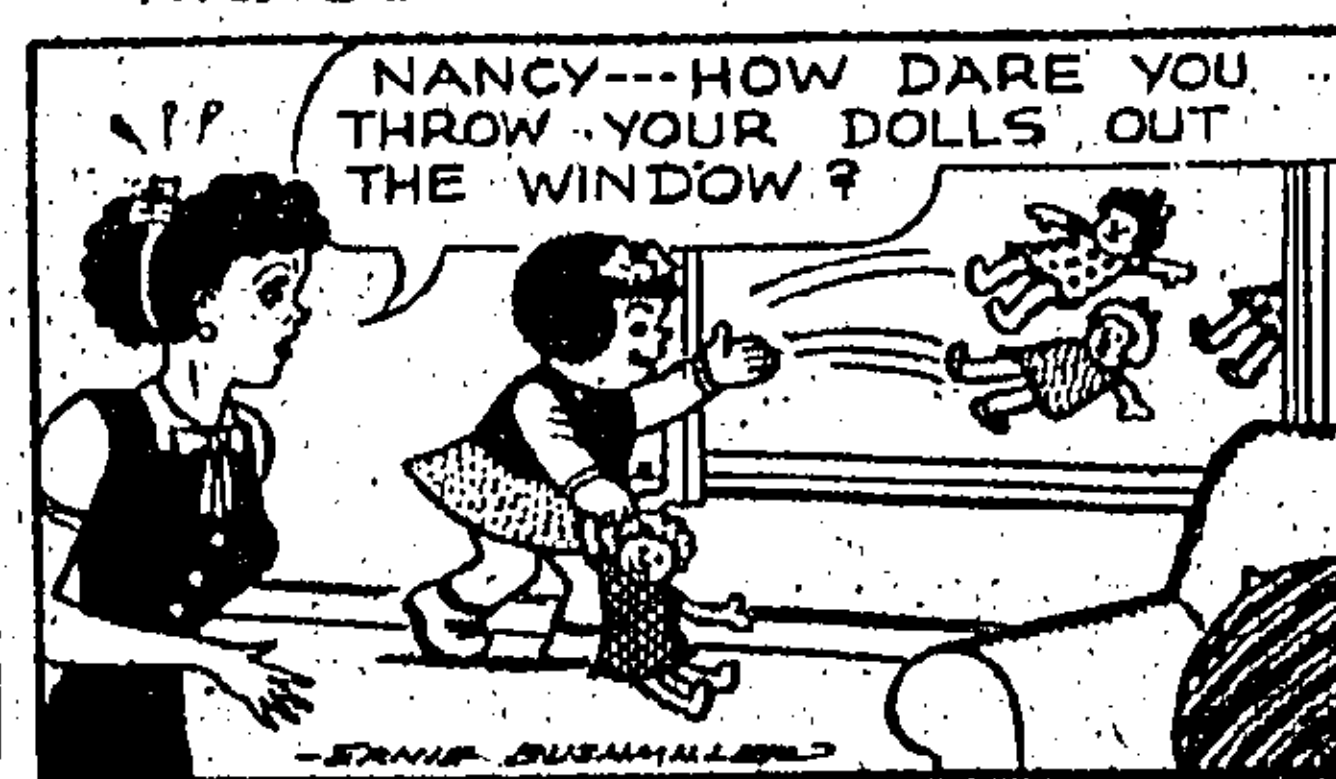
Film actor Ray Milland recently made the 75 ft descent from a parachute training tower at Abingdon... 104 steps up and five seconds down. Express



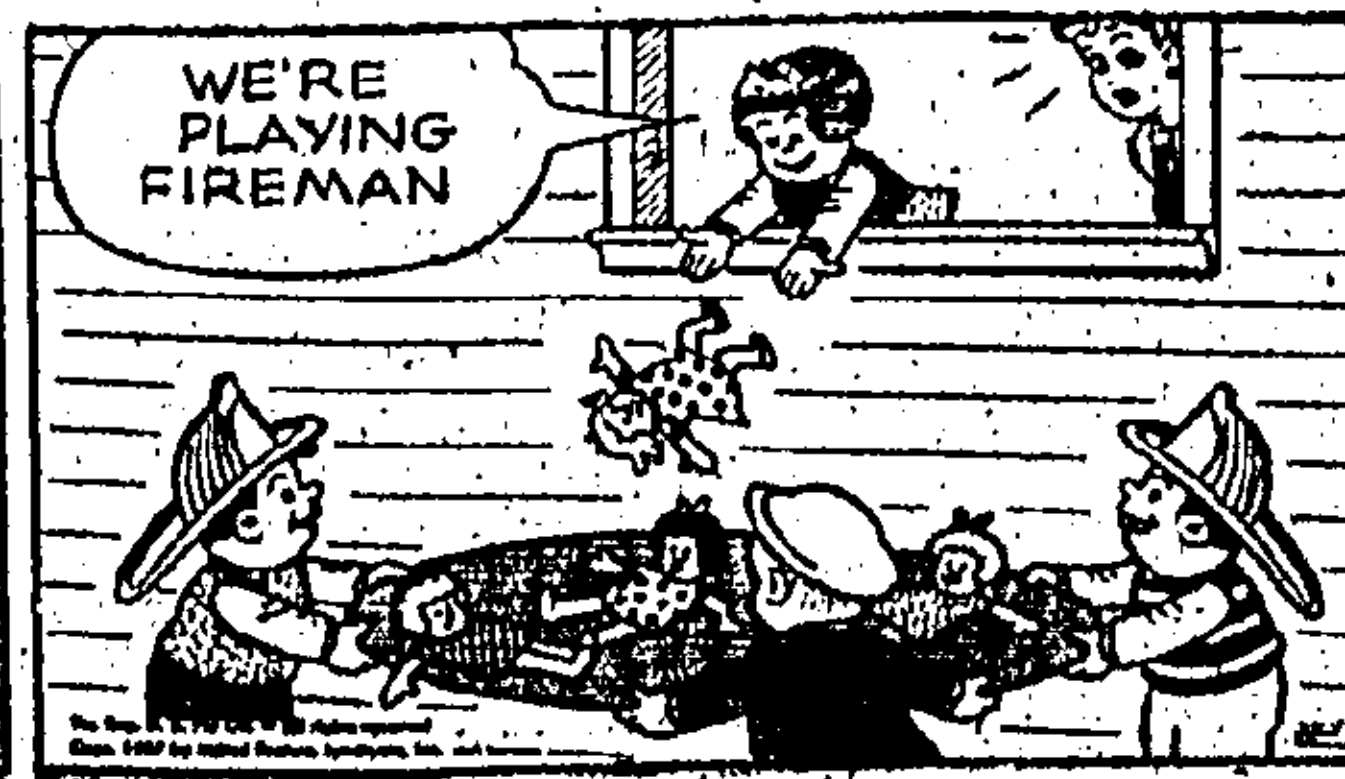
BELOW: In Hongkong we think the Royal Engineers are about the fastest bridgers possible. But at the School of Military Engineering they test ways to do the same thing even faster. Army News



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



ANNIVERSARY STORY

A JURY TRIAL THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD

Were innocent men convicted?
Seven years' ordeal ended in electric chair

NEVER has the world been so revolted by a judicial execution as on that tragic day, 30 years ago this month, when two seemingly innocent men were electrocuted in Charleston Prison, Boston, USA. There were violent demonstrations of protest all over the globe. At Geneva, extensive damage was caused to the glass hall where the Council of the League of Nations used to meet, and at least one person was killed in riots.

It was on April 15, 1920, that the paymaster and guard of a Braintree, Massachusetts, shoe company were killed by bandits who seized and carried off a \$2,750 payroll. Three weeks later, two Italian, who had immigrated to the U.S. in 1908—Nicola Sacco, a shoemaker, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, a fish-cellar—were arrested and charged with the crime.

Neither man had been anywhere near the scene of the murders at the time. But at their trial, which began on May 31, 1921, in the Massachusetts Superior Court, the evidence was so circumstantial that the jury found no fewer than 50 witnesses for the prosecution. The defence called even more witnesses—99—but the jury was convinced, mainly on the evidence of a suburban woman who had caught a glimpse of the interior of a car travelling at 15 miles an hour. She gave minute details identifying a man sitting in the back of the car as Sacco.

Blatant Perjury

Other police witnesses incriminated Sacco and Vanzetti, and the defence was able to prove blatant perjury. It soon became clear that Sacco and Vanzetti were really on trial because they were anarchists, though of a harmless type, and that both the police and the court were determined to convict them of murder. The men were openly of Radical opinions and America was, at that time, in the throes of a great Bolshevik scare.

It was reported that the foreman of the jury had been heard to say before the trial—“Damn them, they're Reds; they ought to hang, anyway, even if they're innocent.” For years after the case dragged on, but ended nothing for a new trial always failed.

Gangster's Confession Ignored

Not even the confession, in November, 1925, of Portuguese gangster Costantino Madeforo that he had shot the victim, and his statement that neither Sacco nor Vanzetti had been present, made the slightest difference. Judge Thayer charged that Madeforo, already sentenced to death for another crime, had assumed guilt for the Boston murders in the hope of delaying his own execution.

An appeal to the State Supreme Court failed, and on April 9, 1927, Judge Thayer sentenced both defendants to the electric chair. It was then that the first form of protest broke throughout the world. Violent demonstrations were held and officials connected with the case were flooded with petitions, mingled with threats. The defence carried the case to Governor Fuller, who not only made a personal investigation but also appointed three eminent men to examine the facts independently.

Frantic Appeals

But on August 3, Fuller announced that the verdict must stand. Successive days passed, but vain appeals were made to Judge Thayer, to the Supreme Judicial Court and finally to members of the Supreme Court, the Attorney-General and the President himself.

Inflamed by the obstinacy of the judiciary, tens of thousands of objectors grew more and more violent. Bombs were set off in New York, Philadelphia, Paris, countries.

It was shortly after midnight on August 23 that Sacco and Vanzetti went to their deaths, both maintaining their innocence to the end. The gangster, Madeforo, had gone to the chair just before them.

Outside Charleston Prison there was a fantastic scene. Police armed with machine-guns, gas projectors, tear bombs, rifles, sawn-off shotguns and pistols formed a huge cordon around the goal, which resembled a fortress prepared for a siege. Many of the thousand people who gathered were arrested, but the strength of the guard discouraged any real violence.

Glad To Die

After seven years of dreadful uncertainty, Sacco and Vanzetti are said to have been almost glad to die. It is now generally agreed, even by distinguished lawyers, that they were innocent of any connection with the crime.

"This Is Our Triumph"

"If it had not been for these things," he said, "I might have lived on my life talking at street corners to scornful men. I might have died unmarked, unknown, a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man, as now we do by accident."

"Our words, our lives, our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives, lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-cellar—all that last moment belongs to us. That agony is our triumph."

In British Guiana too few but the fanatics were prepared to put up with the drudgery of party political work. Too few would face the sacrifice. Nowall must pay.

- Business sees no reason to invest in instability.
- Too much Colonial development funds have been squandered already trying to sweeten the bad boys and leaving the good boys hungry.
- BUT DR JAGAN SAYS:

I HAVE LEARNED A LOT IN 3 YEARS

BOOKS of reference supply the answer to the election results in British Guiana—the first general election to be held since the constitution was suspended at the end of 1953. The books show the population to be almost equally divided between peoples of East Indian and African descent. And as the population is racially divided, so it votes—and probably always will.

The East Indians, especially the barely literate labourers on the sugar plantations, follow Dr Cheddi Jagan almost to a man—not because he is a Communist; not because he promises them a new world at the expense of the capitalists and imperialists; but because he was born one of themselves.

In the same way Africans cluster round one of their own number. Dr Jagan has always boasted that his People's Progressive Party is open to all. So it is. But it is overwhelmingly East Indian especially since some of its one-time supporters, like Linden Forbes Burnham, broke away to form a party of their own. The recent campaign became increasingly racial as polling day drew nearer.

Dr Jagan has another asset besides racial backing and that is organisation. Ever since he has been in politics he has realised the importance of an active and competent electoral machine.

It was this that was stressed upon these opponents of his who came to London after the election of 1953 to seek advice from political parties in Britain. Then both Conservative Party headquarters and Transport House emphasised that their need was to build up a strong party organisation, if the P.P.P. was to be defeated.

PERSONALITY

To these assets—racial support and organisation—there must in fairness to Dr Jagan be added another—his own personality; for though you may detect his politics and write him off as a man without scruple, you have to admit that he is charming, plausible and intelligent.

Political opinion in London was prepared to learn that Dr Jagan would have a considerable measure of success. Nevertheless, the results are disappointing to those who had hoped that the moderate elements in the Colony would combine to build up an effective opposition to the P.P.P.

The suspension of the constitution in October, 1953, gave Dr Jagan's opponents a breathing space for this purpose. At first, they showed enthusiasm and determination. But the zeal planted in the months succeeding the crisis failed to germinate. The presence of a British garrison was a sensitive issue, and above all there was the feeling, so prevalent in Georgetown, that "someone (other than themselves) would do something about it." Few, in short, were inclined to put up with the

The jam is still tomorrow's brand in Ghana

Who have replaced the Colonial Service Administrators of Accra?

.....A water fetish, the Moslem "Seer of Kan Kan," a "Super-Cabinet," and a frightened man in a closed car and a walled castle that is defended, locked, and barred.

DR KWAME NKRUMAH, Ghana's Prime Minister, whom thousands of the simpler Africans believe to be protected by strong ju-ju from bricks, bullets, bombs or what have you, is as nervous really as the next man in this land made jumpy by tough talk and deportations.

Men who were his intimates, say that he trusts few people but values advice from a Moslem seer living at Kan-Kan on the Ivory Coast. He went to Abidjan, Ivory Coast, after Ghana attained independence—officially for a break. But, in the opinion of some who know how his mind works, the visit's purpose was to get the latest "ju-ju" from the Seer of Kan-Kan.

Nkrumah has visited a water fetish near Accra at critical times; he is reputed to have a charm sewn into the handkerchief he waves when he is speaking; many of his followers

believe the striped hausa cane he carries everywhere is a form of protection. Nkrumah walks carefully these days. Once quite a mixer, happy in the

by JOHN REDFERN

When ex-servicemen threatened to march to Christiansburg Castle—the Governor-General's residence now taken over by Nkrumah—several policemen guarded the gate.

For prestige, he has just moved permanently into this 17th century castle on the shore.

The Prime Minister hates it: the elaborate gilt chairs, the stiff portraits of British royalty, the sea mist.

He shrugs it off—"It's a nice museum"—and stays on.

In Sir Charles Arden Clarke's time as Governor, people just walked up to the castle, door.

ings of a new organisation, the Shilimo Kpee.

The name means: "We stand firm". Although government employees have been warned off the S.K.K., there are a number helping, on the side, in its activities.

The Nkrumah has an outside problem in the one million people of the Ashanti, Ghana's cocoa-land.

In that region, Nkrumah's popularity reached its peak in 1934 when he won nineteen out of the 21 seats. But his luck broke.

Soon afterwards, the anti-government National Liberation Movement began to flourish. It remains a strong challenge to Nkrumah, who has been a notable absentee from the Ashanti for three years.

When, northbound, he stopped at the Kumasi airport two years ago, the field was heavily guarded.

The Ashanti is now the stronghold of the anti-government movement. But nasty cracks in Nkrumah's once solid backing show in other parts.

The other week, sixty odd coastal belt chiefs were invited to a sherry party at Christiansburg Castle. But they snubbed the Prime Minister with a message: "We are not in the mood to accept your kind invitation until conditions become normal."

His decision to deport a non-Ghanaian journalist and two Moslem leaders increased existing frictions there.

At least twelve of his parliamentary back-benchers are demanding the demolition of one minister and two others are unpopular with the rank and file.

Ministers are accused by their own party members of amassing wealth and going slow on important tasks. Party malcontents say that the promised jobs are all tomorrow's brand.

They want some jam today, less grandiose talk, and fewer ministerial trips abroad.

To this awkward squad, the ministerial patter about a Ghana shipping line, a Ghana air line—even a Ghana Navy—grates, and will grate, until land, housing and labour problems are resolutely dealt with.

Nkrumah is worried, too, by the way Cabinet and party secrets leak out. His first question about anyone today is, "Is he loyal to me?"

LESS YESSES

In the C.P.P., "yesmanship" is not as prevalent as it was. A long string of complaints was sent to Nkrumah by party stalwarts in Accra. In Ashanti, a "splitter" group has been formed in the C.P.P. to press for jobs for the boys who did their bit as "action troops" during the "clashes" between government supporters and opponents before independence.

In Accra, for several years the stronghold of the C.P.P., people in the old Ga State are turning against "the showboy"—Nkrumah's old nickname—and protesting about alleged favouritism and misuse of tribal lands. Right under Nkrumah's nose these dissidents, in a "uniform" composed of caps, red scarves and red wrist bands, berate the government at meet-

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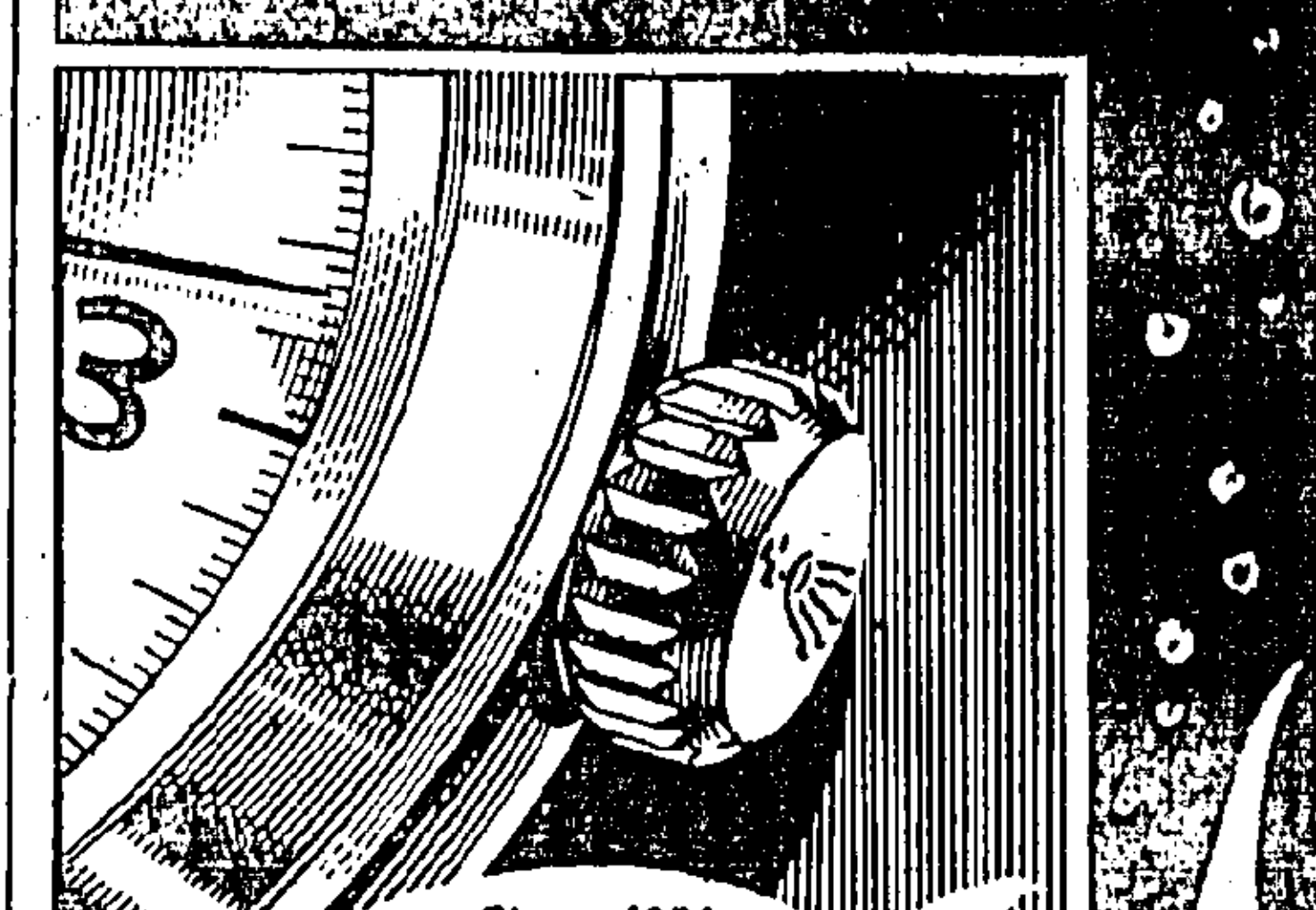
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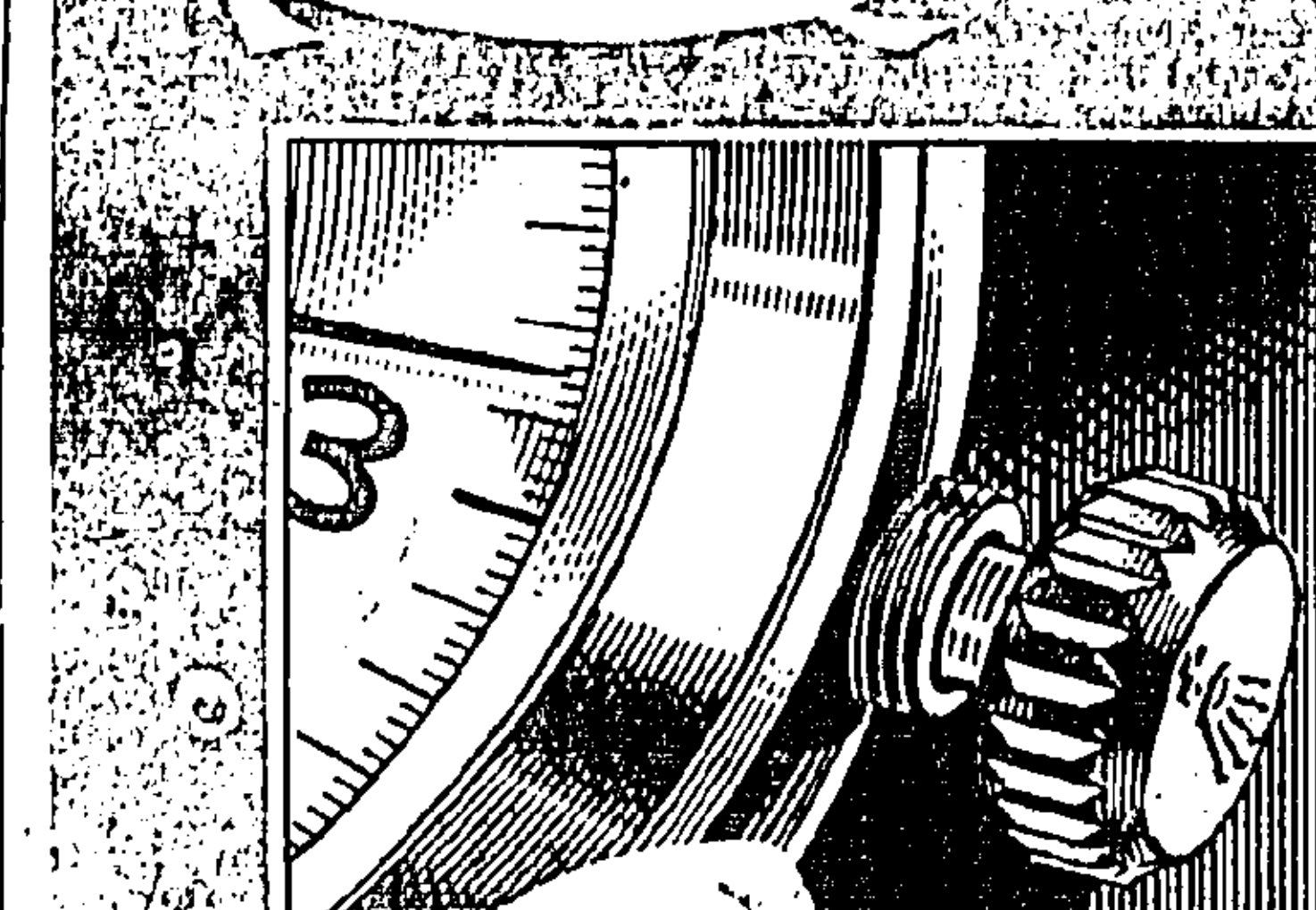
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27 fathoms down

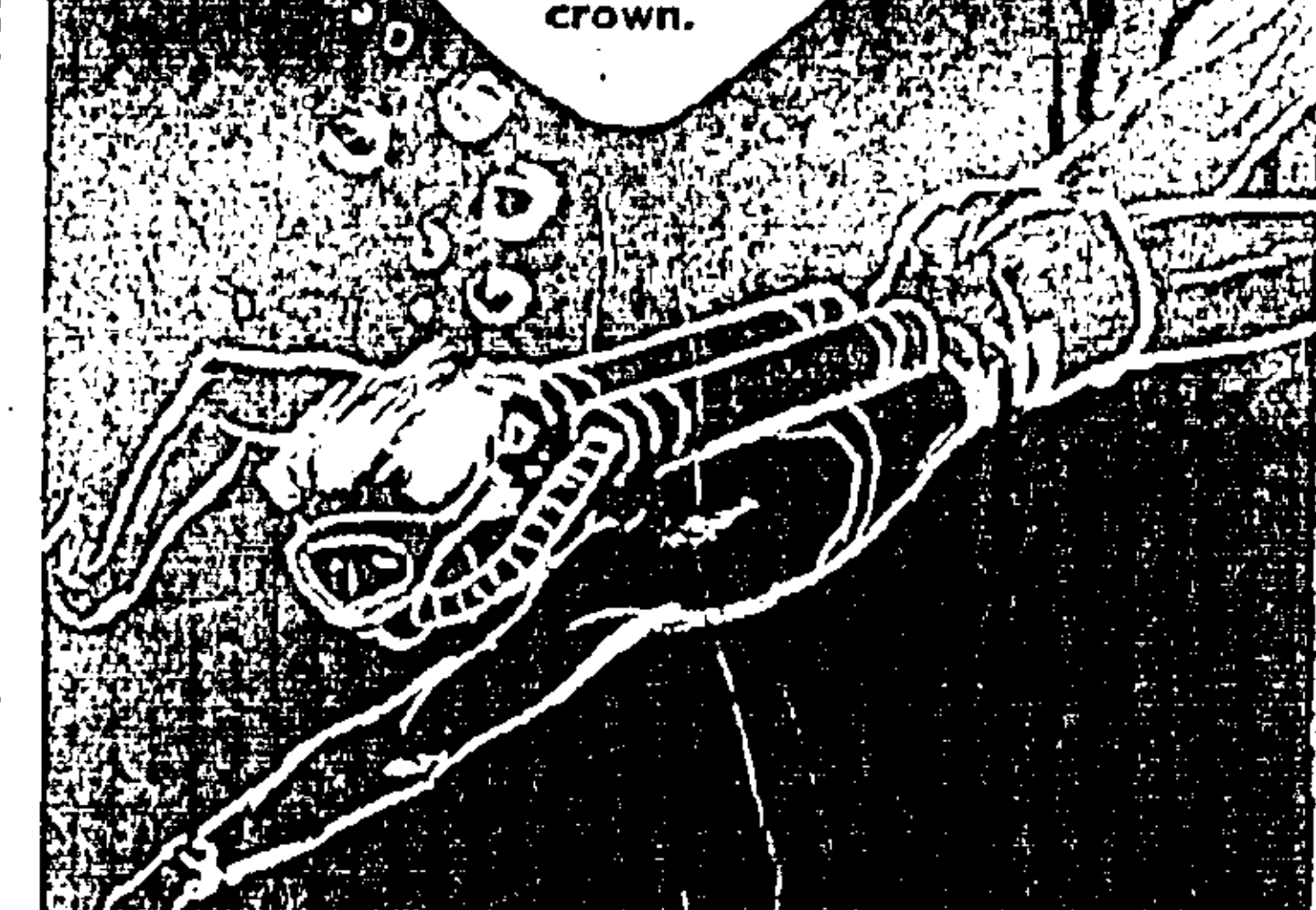
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ONE YEAR IN EVERY SEVEN THE RAINS FAIL IN THE ISLANDS...



- Drought and death go hand in hand in the islands of the Pacific.
- There have been many droughts, but one, above all others, lives in island legend... the drought that brought with it the Curse of Nakaa.
- That grim story is told in today's instalment of RETURN TO THE ISLANDS, by Sir Arthur Grimble, who spent 40 years as a Colonial Office administrator in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands.

WHEN the rains were regular on Baanaba (the native name for Ocean Island, in the Gilberts), no habitations of man could have been more beautifully bowered than ours in the dark green of forests, the starry white of lilies, the flung foam of scarlet and crimson petals.

But every seven or eight years there came a drought, and things were different then. There were no flowers anywhere after two rainless months. After six, the pawpaws and guavas, the custard apples and soursops were dead, the mangoes and wild almonds dying.

After twelve, half of the island's coconut palms stood headless, while those that lived on, their leaves burned rusty black, had been fruitless for many weeks. Then, even the mighty deep-rooted forest of calophyllum trees that covered the island's middle was stripped of its leaves.

Our 2,000 acres of phosphate and coral rock, left naked to the sun-blaze, lay flinging back the savage heat in a white-hot column to heaven.

Not a drop on the island

THAT soaring shaft of refraction stood like a pitiless sentinel on guard over the land. It was the barrier against which the rain-clouds beat and were divided.

The clouds would sweep towards the island, bringing a curtain of rain with them, but at the last moment they would scatter on either side of the island, spilling their torrents into the sea. Not a drop would fall on land.

By Sir Arthur Grimble

Nakaa! The story only one man dared tell

In these droughts, whole families would go out in canoes to harvest the rain that fell at sea, using sun-shrivalled coconut palms as catchments to direct the rainwater into wooden bowls.

There was, too, one other source of supply: the water that gored itself in the grottoes and caverns in the coral core of the island. To reach this supply women with torches would plunge into the murk of the abysses, squirming through miles of tunnels where there was often only room for the water-gatherer to lie on her back clawing at the rock above her face.

Each drought left its mark on the palm trees of the island—a constriction of the trunk at the node where the first fronds sprouted. You could count six such constrictions in the stems of the oldest trees. That carried you back 40 years or so—about two-thirds of a coconut's natural span. The record could go no further than that into the past, back from 1924 which happened because the seventh drought in the middle 1870's, wiped out every palm in the island. An uneasy silence would fall upon the older villagers when—

ever one mentioned the great drought of the 1870's.

The power of the curse

I OFTEN got the impression that some shared dread constrained them never to talk of it. It was not until 1930, when I had known them for 10 years, that anyone told me of the horrors. It had

meant for them. It was old Eri, the native magistrate of Baanaba, who spoke of it then. Not that he had visited me expressly to do so, but his story sprang naturally from a pathetic request he had been deputed to make on behalf of the older villagers.

The British Phosphate Commissioners had recently asked for a 100-acre extension of their diggings, and a party of young men was hoeing the council of elders about the price to be demanded for the concession.

Eri came to me deeply disturbed. "Nobody will want to pay the young men's price for our dust," he put it, "and that will be the end of our hope of buying a better home than this for our grandchildren to inherit. So, in the end, the curse of Nakaa will rest upon their heads also."

"The curse of Nakaa?" I echoed blankly. "What are you talking about, Eri?"

"About the great drought," he said, and that launched him on his story: "I was a young man then, and my parents, who lived in Uma village, had arranged for me to take a wife from Buakonikali."

"She was a girl named Marawa, very beautiful in my eyes, and we were to be married at the full of the fourth moon, at the season of the Pileides."

"But when the third moon went out, and for three months no rain had fallen, her father said to me, 'You will need your son to fish for you and we shall need Marawa to fetch water for us now that a drought has set in.' And my father answered, 'Even so. Let there be no marriage until the rains return.'"

A year—and still no rain

"OUR hearts were sore at that and my mother tried to comfort us, saying: 'Patience. The drought will soon end.'"

"But it did not end; and even when the sun showed a full year gone we knew that it would not break yet, for the rainclouds at sea, from which we had contrived to collect water up to then, ceased to come near us. Then our council of elders issued an edict:—"

"From now on, let no household take more than one coconut shell of water a day from the caverns."

"So the water was made to last for another whole year. But long before the next solstice in the south our food stores were gone, not one stood living in the land. "We had nothing but fish to eat, and the fish often stayed so far from our shores that for many days—

none to be caught anywhere. We were already half starved when the drought sickness came, that white men call beriberi."

"Men fell in the pathways and died there; and where they did their bodies remained, for who was strong enough to carry corpses home for burial rites? So the curse of Nakaa rested on the land."

It was strange to hear a man like Eri, stern old pillar of the Protestant mission that he was, speak of a pagan god as if he believed in it. Nakaa, so the ancient myth had it, was the all-seeing guardian of the gate between the worlds of the living and the dead, who, in the beginning of time, had decreed eternal torture by imprisonment in his pit for those who neglected the funeral rites of their own kin. "But Eri," I protested, "A Christian like you can't fear Nakaa or his curses any longer."

Walk in our hearts

"NAKAA is a spirit of darkness," he answered earnestly. "Shun any man do away with him by becoming a Christian? And how shall we forget our unbaptized dead? These walk like ghosts in our hearts forever."

And then, after a long silence: "In the middle of the third year, when the waterholes were nearly dry, word came from Buakonikali that Marawa's parents had died."

"Things were a little better for us in Uma than in Buakonikali; Uma is by the sea; we had found seaweed to suck, and some said that this protected us against the sickness. But we were very weak. I was the only one of our house who could walk a hundred paces. So my mother said to me, 'Go now to Buakonikali. Speak to the brother of Marawa's father and, if he will let her go, bring her to us here. So, from this drought you shall have a wife and I a daughter.'"

"At her words, the strength came back to my legs. I made nothing of the long walk to Buakonikali. I came to the house of Marawa's father's brother. My heart said to me: 'Now you will see her.' But alas! when I lifted the screen to enter, she was not there. Only her father's brother was within, and he was dead. And the dead were everywhere around me as I walked through the village to her father's house."

"I found her with her parents. She had laid her bodies side by side and herself at their feet. The sickness was heavy upon her."

"But she was still beautiful for me. I think she had been asleep before I entered; but when I lifted the screen she awoke and smiled at me saying, 'I knew I should see you again.' And tried to sit up, but fell back looking into my eyes as I sat down, beside her. Lying there, she smiled again and sighed very slowly and deeply. The smile stayed on her lips. She was dead."

"I laid her beside her mother, her feet towards the west. I lifted her head from behind between my hands and looked

down into her eyes. So, bending over her, I whispered the spell called The Lifting of the Head, to make her way straight into the land of our ancestors."

"So I brought no daughter to my mother."

Welay in pools on the reef

"TIME went on. The waterholes were dry but the rainclouds at sea had returned. Also, we of Uma village went down to the reef at low tide and lay covered with mats in shallow pools so that our skins drank in the wetness."

"And on a day, I took my mother with me to a pool under the lee of certain rocks. We lay there, our heads resting on wooden pillows which I had brought, and soon we fell asleep."

"I did not wake until the rising tide floated the pillow from under me, so that my head was spilled into water. That nearly drowned me, but at last I was able to kneel, and then remembered my mother. She was not beside me, I looked out to sea; she was not there."

"I turned my eyes to the beach; she was floating there, on the edge of the lagoon. She had drowned beside me as I slept. How many times had she called me, and I deaf to her cries?"

"A ship arrived, not long after a trading ship from New Zealand. The captain took my father and me, with most of the others who remained alive to the island of Oahu, near Honolulu. There we lived until my father died, six years later, and then I returned to this place, because I owned no land anywhere else."

"Others returned with me, but none of us has ever been happy here. And since the Kamabana (Company) came and began to pay us for our dust, we have hoped that, one day, it may buy all the rest together for a great price. With that money, the Government could buy a happier home for our children's children to dwell in. Help us in this, we beg you."

He sat in silence a full minute staring over my shoulder into the past. Then he rose. "A home for our children's children, not haunted by the ghosts of our unbaptized dead," he whispered, more to himself than to me, and left without another word."

A ghost every square yard

CURSES and ghosts were the staple ingredients of island folklore. Almost every square yard was the lurking place of one friend or another; you just had to take them as you found them."

According to the islanders, pretty well every house built for the Government staff had its own special ghost. I had personal experience of only one; the strange affair at the

District Officer's transit quarters on Tabiteuea, in the Central Gilberts.

This house was built by my predecessor, George Murdoch, in a grove of coconut palms 100 yards from the island prison. It was an airy built, two-roomed shelter. I found it a cheerful place all through the daylight hours.

It changed, though, when darkness fell and the village slept. I couldn't pass a night there without being haunted by a thought that something was on the edge of happening.

Had this been all I should never have had the place pulled down. Not even the horrid odour that visited me there one night would have sufficed of itself to drive me to that extreme.

It was what George himself said to me afterwards, when I told him how my dog had behaved, that set me looking for another site.

The dog was my terrier, Smith. He was lying in the draught of the roadside doorway one night, while I sat reading. I wasn't deeply absorbed because I was worried about Anterea, an old friend of mine, who lay ill in the village—as I was sure he wouldn't last the night.

Perhaps that made me particularly susceptible to what- ever it was. Anyway, I felt myself suddenly gripped as I sat by a more than usually disturbing sense of that imminent something.

It had never had any particular direction before, but now it seemed to impend from the roadway. I was aware, also, of having to fight a definite dread of it this time instead of greeting it with a kind of incredulous expectancy.

I sprang up, staring nervously into the dark beyond the door. And then I noticed Smith, hackles bristling, gums bared, his head basking step by step away from the door, whimpering and trembling as he backed.

Turned tail and bolted

"SMITH!" I called. He gave me one quick piteous look, turned tail, and bolted, yelping, as if he had kicked him, through the doorway. I heard him begin to howl on the beach just as an unspeakable odour came sweeping into the room from the direction of the road.

There wasn't a clue in the darkness under the palms. I found nobody and nothing until my running feet brought me to the fringe of Udraa village; and there, from my old friend Anterea, I heard a sound that stripped me of all my anger.

It was the noise of women wailing and men chanting, mixed with the rhythmic thud-thud of heavy staves on the ground. I couldn't mistake it.

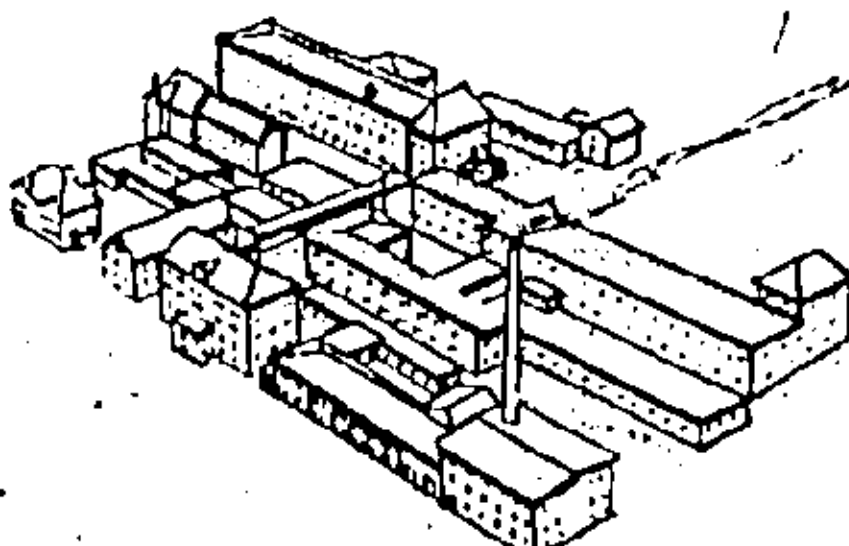
A Gilbertese bonaki ceremony was in full swing; some villagers' departing soul was being ritually sped on its difficult road from earth to paradise. I knew then that my old friend Anterea had not misled the night.

There was no taint on the air of the house when I got back. I fell asleep untroubled by anything but my own sadness. But Smith stayed out on the beach, and I couldn't persuade him to remain indoors after dark for the next more days I spent on Tabiteuea.

The rest of the story is George Murdoch's; after I had told him of my feelings about the house, and Smith's queer behaviour, and the foetid smell someone had put across me.

(Continued on Page 7.)

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This series is adapted from Return to the Islands, by Sir Arthur Grimble, to be published by John Murray.

... THEN COMES ORDEAL-BY-THIRST

"So he's been making friends with you, has he?" said George and instead of answering when I asked who "he" might be, he went on: "From about the middle of Ultra village to a bit north of the prison—that's his beat. As yet, he's a stinking old nuisance. But mind you, there's no real harm in him."

"He?" In short, according to George was an absurd ghost known to the villagers as *Ten-tentia*, or *One Leg*, whose habit for several centuries it had been to walk—on, rather, hop—that particular stretch of *Talibouca* every night of the year, without exception, scaring everybody still who saw him go by.

George spoke of him with a sort of affectionate irritation as if he really existed. It was too ridiculous.

The creature's harmless

"I'd heard nothing about him when I had the prison and the rest house built where they are," he said, "otherwise, I might have chosen somewhere else. Or I might not. What's the odds? The creature's harmless."

"Anyway, there was one dark night, when in from the roadway crashed that stinking thing and hit me like a wall. Solid."

"You were right. That's what I said to myself as I fought my way through it to the door."

"I'll admit the meaning and purpose of it gave me no shudders at first. But I thought some sort of a gun was taking a rise out of me. So I dashed back into the house, snatched up a hurricane lamp and started running hell for leather towards the prison. The rock was as thick as a fog that way."

"I hadn't gone far, though, before I heard a patter and a rush from ahead, and a great ox of a prison guard came charging full tilt out of the darkness and threw himself at me, gibbering like a cockatoo. As I struggled out of his clutches I caught something about someone called *One Leg* who'd gone hop-hopping past him into the prison yard. Well, there was my clue. As it *One Leg* that talked this stinking 'Yes', he screamed back, 'One Leg... the ghost!' I only stayed to call him a blanky fool, and betted on."

Whole crowd had gone mad

"When I got near the prison yard something else had started. The whole crowd inside the lock-up had gone mad, raving mad, yelling their heads off, and the noise of them flung themselves against the door was like thunder."

"I knew the padlock wouldn't last if that went on. I heard it crack like a pistol as I came up to the yard entrance, and I was down under the feet of a maniac man stampeding out into the bush."

"I picked myself up and made a bee-line for the lock-up, ran full way down the gangway between the beds, swinging my lamp around, found not a soul there; emerged out again to Antera's house in the corner of the yard, why, what's the matter now?"

"I had sat bolt upright and exclaimed 'Antera!' When I repeated it, he said, 'Yes, the head warder, retired before

Down into the grottoes go the women of Baanab with their torches to look for pools of rain water."



your time, but he's still going strong in Ultra. One of the few who never gave a damn for old *One Leg*."

"Would you believe it? He was sleeping like a baby when I got to him. Hadn't heard a sound and said he couldn't smell a thing, though the place was still humming, fit to knock you down. But he got going quick enough when I told him the news. He and I hunted the bush for those poor idiots till the crack of dawn. They came in willingly enough at sunrise, all but a prisoner named *Arkitaua*, that's to say—and we had a fine pow-wow together round Antera's shack, waiting for him to turn up. That's

when I got all the dope about *One Leg*."

"They'd all seen him hopping up the gangway between the beds, so they claimed. There wasn't a light, but they'd seen him, *Fiddle!* I said to that, *Id Antera* backed me."

"It was all very puzzling until somebody explained that *One Leg* only brought his satanic colour along for the particular friends of the deceased, and then, of course, it was as clear as mud."

"Which deceased? I wanted to know. Oh, anyone who dies within the limits of his beat, says my clever friend—he turns it on as soon as the soul has left the body."

"You could have knocked me down with a feather if there had been a corpse in sight."

"But I hadn't gone 50 steps when a new hullabaloo from the lock-up stopped me in my tracks."

Lamp had not reached him

"It was poor *Arkitaua* this time. Yes, there he was—rolled off his bed on the floor up against the far end wall—where my lamp hadn't reached him—quite dead. I reckon it was just heart disease."

We sat silent a long time; then George said reflectively:

"What with this and that, I'm surprised you didn't hear of a friend's death in Ultra after the old stinker put it across you."

"I told him then of Antera. 'Well... well... think of that now,' said George. '... and Antera an unbeliever. Kind of friendly, I call it. There never was any real harm in old *One Leg*.'"

He was furious when I had a new rest house built on the other side of the island. But he never would admit he'd been pulling my leg. And then again, what was it that scared my dog so?"

NEXT WEEK: Fireworks quell a riot

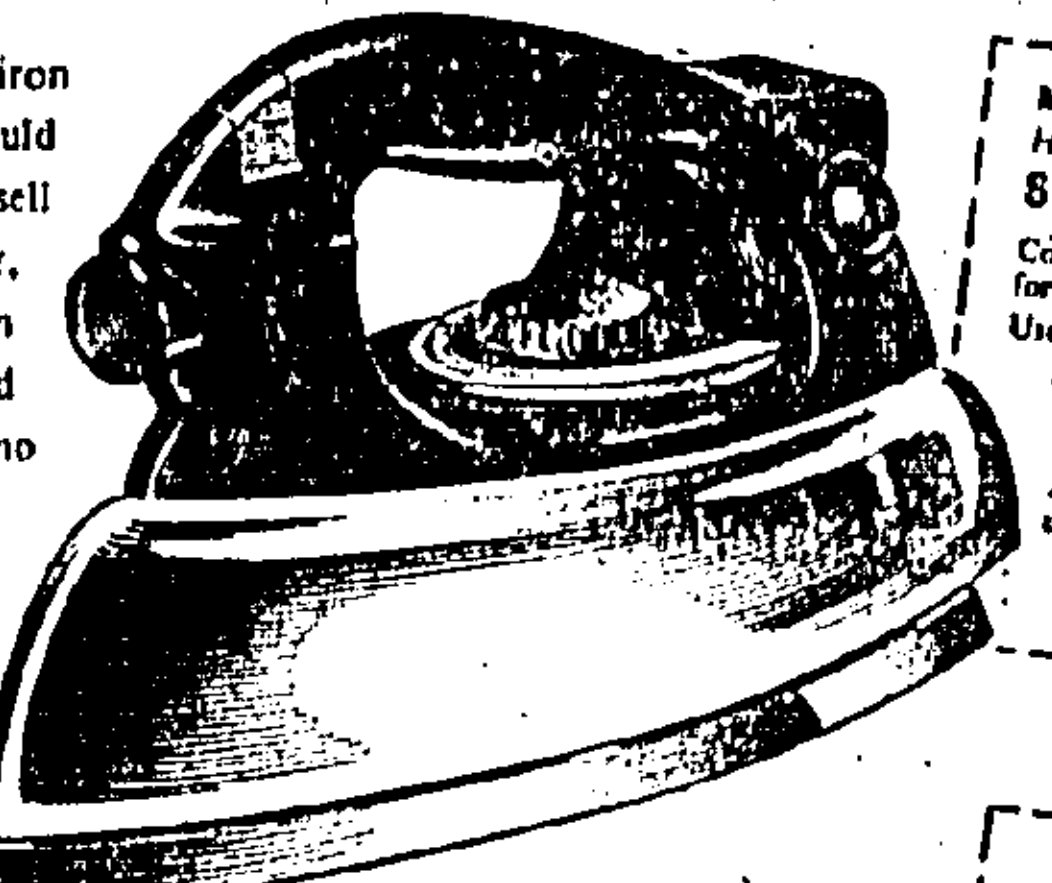


The ghost began a stampede in a jail

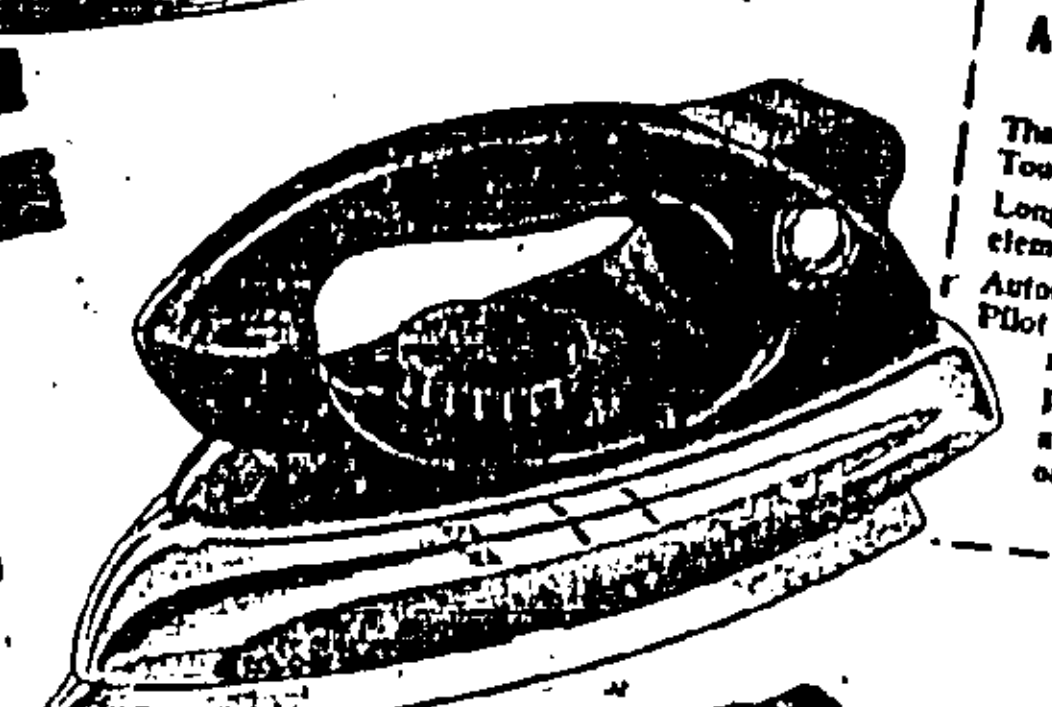
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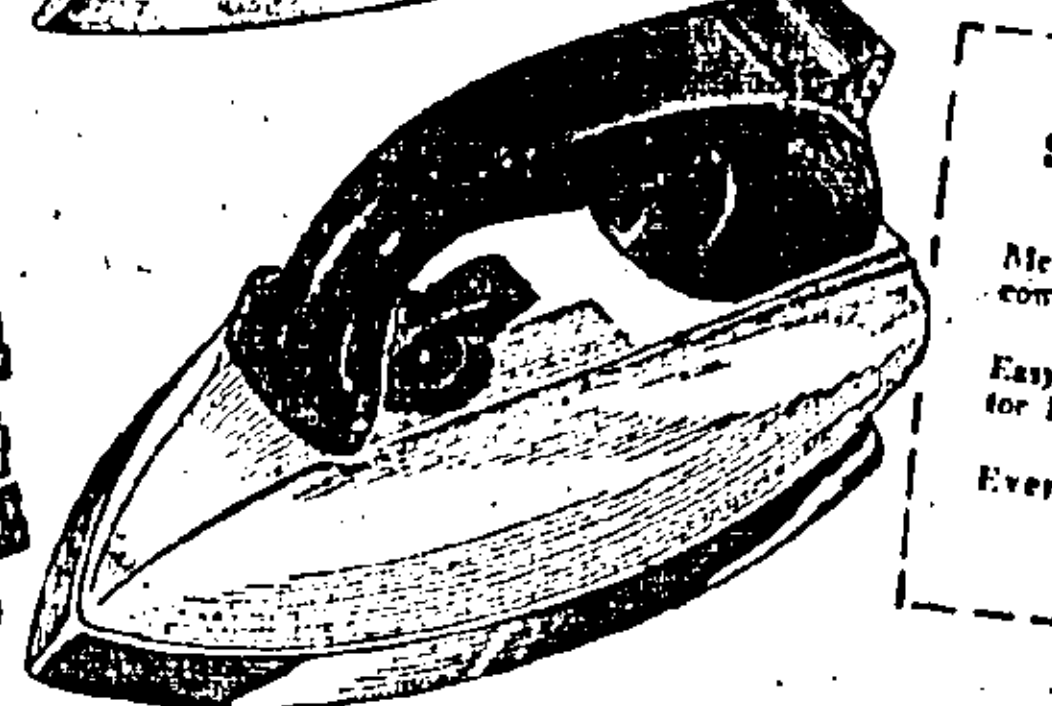
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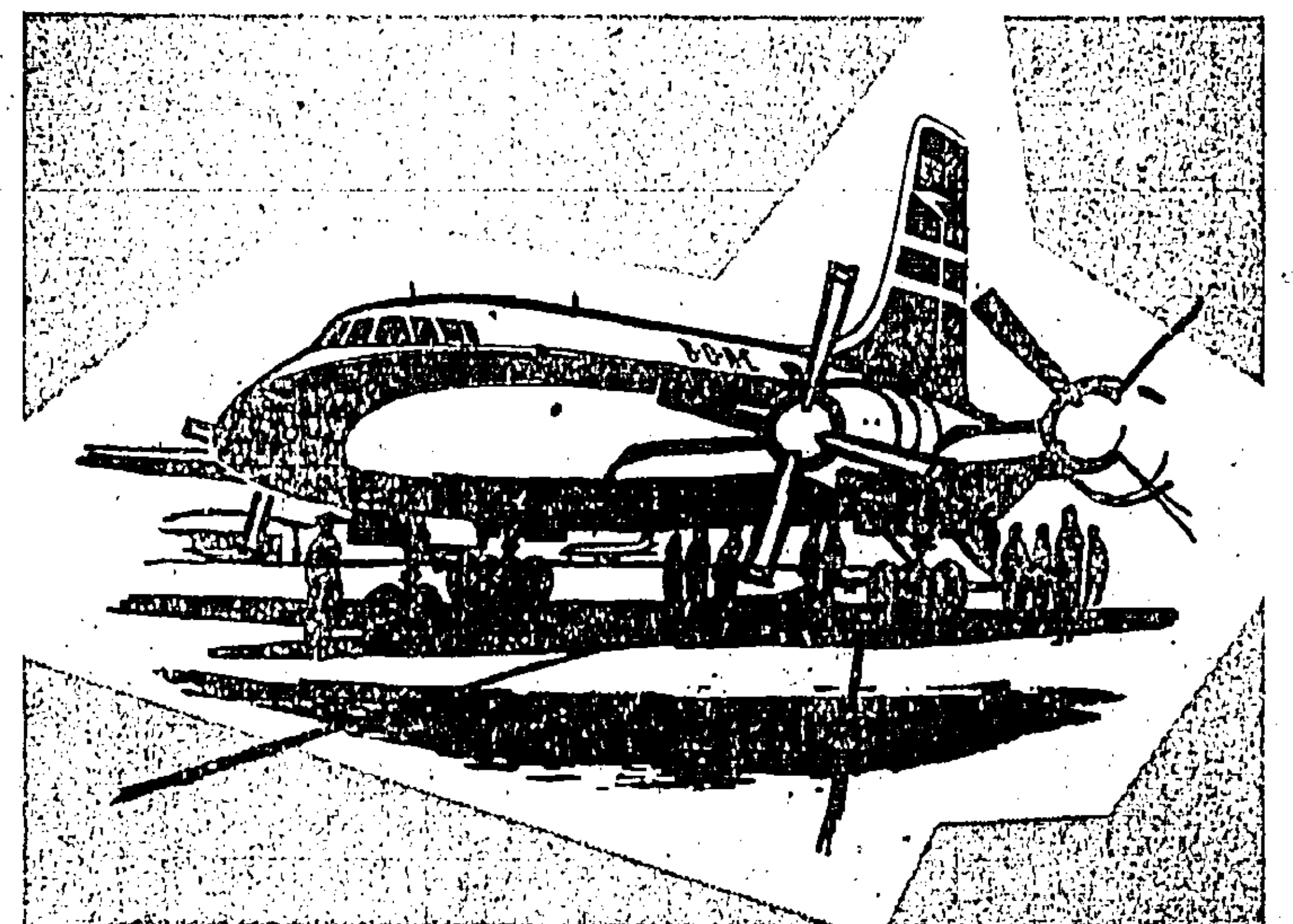
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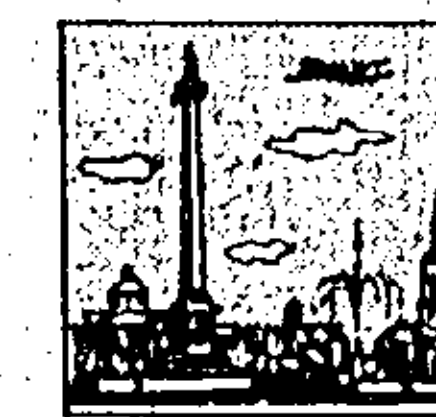
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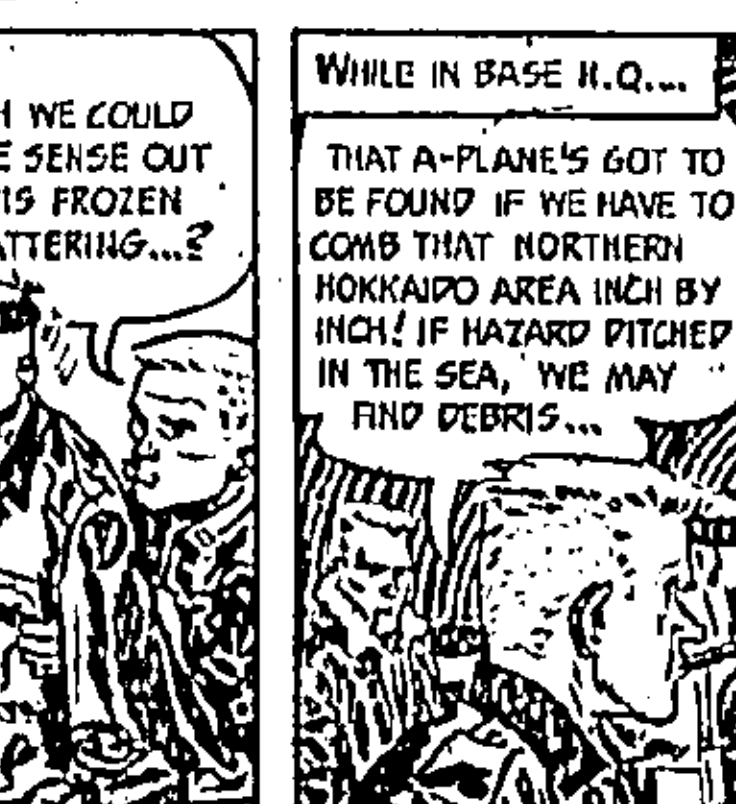
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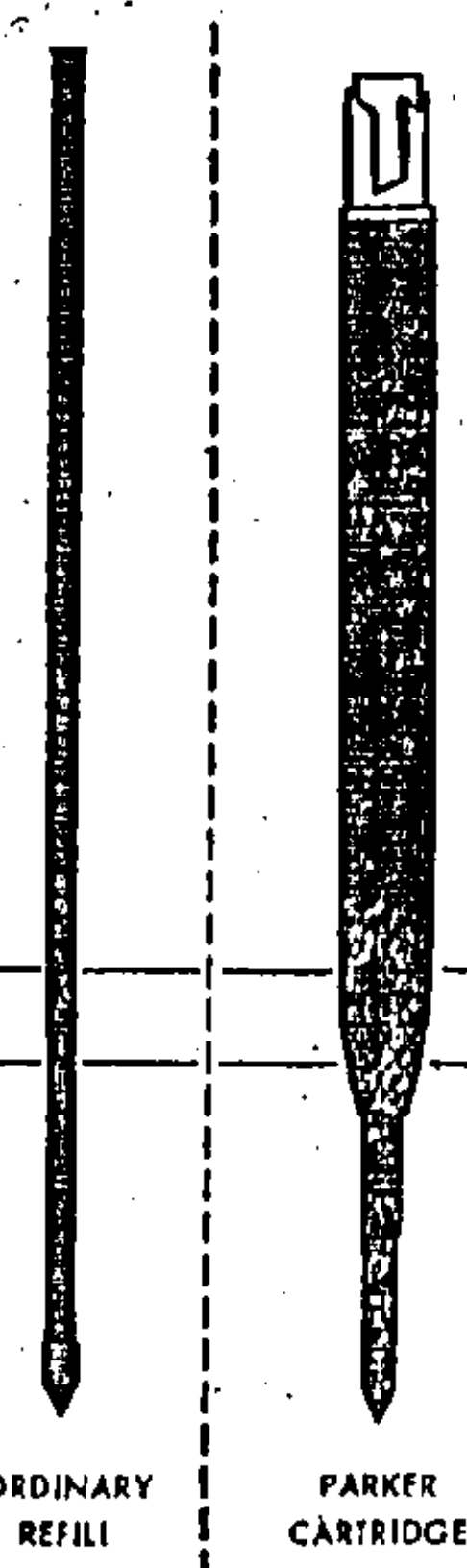
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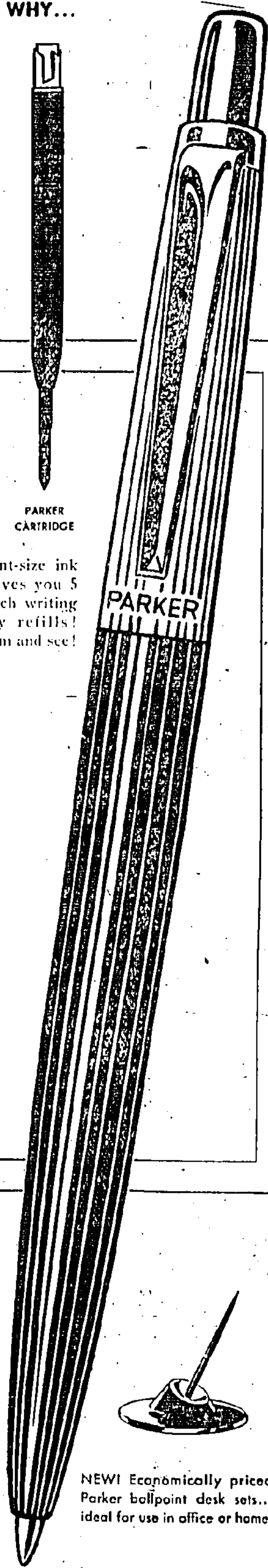
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Sylvia Ashley story... the Fairbanks chapter ends...



WHAT SYLVIA SAID to MARY PICKFORD

WHEN Mary Pickford walked into the dining-room to meet Sylvia Ashley at that Hollywood party she was the focal point of all eyes. Not even their closest friends could speculate on the outcome of the meeting between these two purposeful women.

And so, with Douglas Fairbanks sideling nervously in the background, they came face to face: the girl born Gladys Smith, who grew up to become the World's Sweetheart, Mary Pickford, and marry Fairbanks—and Sylvia Ashley, the girl born Louie Hawkes, who grew up to steal Fairbanks from her.

It was a dramatic moment. Fairbanks introduced them: on his face a mask-like smile to cloak the uneasiness in his heart. "How do you do?" said Sylvia. "I'm so happy to meet you," said Mary. "May I get you something?" Sylvia asked. "A sandwich and a cup of tea would be delightful," said Mary.

NERVOUS

WHILE Sylvia went away to fetch them, Mary turned to Fairbanks. "You see, Douglas, it wasn't so terrible." Fairbanks, his hands in his coat pockets, the coat pulled tightly around his small and muscular hips, nodded miserably. He was very nervous. When Sylvia returned, she half-knelt on a chair to be nearer Mary's height.

"I hear Pickford is for sale," she said. "What a pity." Mary froze imperceptibly at the mention of the fabulous dream house she and Fairbanks had built.

"Pickford has served its purpose," she said. "Somehow material things do not mean so much to me as once they did."

Sylvia was in London with Fairbanks when war broke out. Her sister Vera and the children, Tim and Lauretta, were with them. Fairbanks immediately packed them all off to California, and followed himself in a couple of weeks.

'I'M NOT FIT FOR THE JOB' said the American President

THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER, 1919-33. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, jun. Heinemann, 42s. 569 pages.

HOW fascinating are the studies by Americans of their recent political history, in comparison with the corresponding efforts in Britain. Here there still prevails a gentlemanly convention (possibly the result of our public school system) that politicians only accept office reluctantly from a sense of duty, and that such motives as ambition, greed, emulation, revenge or love of power play no part at all in public life.

This convention has affected the attitude of historians, so much so that any attempt to describe in sober and straightforward language the curious mixture of altruism and self-interest, idealism and shrewdness, which in fact actuate politicians, is apt to brand the author as a cynic or scandal-monger.

Nor so in America. There political life is—and always has been—the life of the jungle. Politicians have seldom pretended otherwise even at the time, and accordingly historians feel under no obligation to soften in retrospect the rigours of the battle or to conceal the general squalidness which goes on. Hence the interest of their books.

None spared

Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, jun., of Harvard admirably exemplifies this tradition in his excellent first volume of a series, entitled *The Age of Roosevelt*.

It is clear, cogent, well-written, authoritative and ignores nobody. His picture of the 12 years of Republican rule which form the theme of his book is a brilliant and terrifying one. The author is a well-known Liberal, and an admirer of Roosevelt, but his unflinching portrait of the Republican regime cannot be regarded as unduly partisan. For what historian of honesty could fail to be uttering about this "dreadful epoch" those years saw one of the most disastrous experiments of modern democracy—the unchecked rule of business men, which ended in the greatest slump of all time.

He was in black despair. The outbreak of war in Europe had not only shocked him, it had also created a personal problem. It meant he would no longer be able to travel. And travel for him had become a necessary means of escape. He didn't know it then, but he would be doing no more travelling.

NOT TOLD

ON the morning of December 11 he woke with a feeling of tension in his chest. He was also having trouble with his breathing. "Just a touch of indigestion," he said. "I've been over-indulging myself." But a doctor was summoned, and as a result of his examination Fairbanks, protesting

vigorously, was put to bed. The examination had shown that he was suffering from a coronary thrombosis. Neither he nor Sylvia was told of this. "You must rest," he was warned. "No radio: no newspapers. Nothing."

by
Robert Blake

Think of the leading politicians: President Harding, criminally weak if not actually corrupt, who admitted once: "I am not fit for this office and should never have been here"; President Coolidge, of whom the White House under wrote: "No other President in my time ever slept so much."

Morally more reputable than Harding, Coolidge had the same insensate respect for business. "The man who builds a factory," he said, "builds a temple." Throughout these years the Secretary of the Treasury was Andrew Mellon, a man of enormous wealth who brought the art of personal tax evasion to its highest pitch, and whose principal worry was the excessive rate of federal tax on those whose incomes exceeded 1,000,000 dollars.

But the most tragic failure of all was President Hoover. He was the very arch-type of the American business man, successful, honest, public-spirited. "No American," writes Professor Schlesinger, "could have provided a fairer test of the capacity of the business community to govern a great nation." Yet when the crisis came he was as bankrupt of ideas as the banks were of money. He remained to the end the prisoner of his own rigid orthodoxy. He ruined his party for 20 years.

(London Express Service).

© No Hollywood star ever played a more difficult role than that undertaken by Sylvia Ashley when she became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, wife of the fabulous, swashbuckling character who was the world's most successful film actor.

© Sylvia carried off the part triumphantly. Hollywood was

captivated by her wit, her charm, her graciousness.

© But her most critical test was yet to come. There could be no evading it. Inevitably there came the day when she was face to face with the woman from whom she had won Fairbanks. The woman's name was Mary Pickford.

the crowds back. Sylvia—weeping—was escorted by Douglas Fairbanks Jun.

It was all over.

HIS FORTUNE

A LOT of people thought that Sylvia would never get over Fairbanks' death—but with that natural buoyancy of spirit which had saved her so often she was soon taking an active part in things again.

Nobody knew how much Fairbanks had left in his hey-day. He had undoubtedly been worth between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000. But towards the close of his life the value of his holdings had depreciated disastrously.

Just how much was not evident until details of the estate were published. They caused some surprise. Fairbanks' fortune amounted to only half a million pounds.

Under the terms of his will half of this went to—Sylvia. The rest was split up among Doug. Jun. and other relations.

It was a complicated estate, which was obviously going to take a long time to settle.

Pending settlement, Sylvia went to Los Angeles Superior Court in February 1940 and

he joined up under all three. Lord Stanley in the Navy, Lord Sheffield in the Army, and Lord Eddisbury in the R.A.F. The Senior Service called him first.

Before the war he had gained a reputation as an active young Liberal peer.

In 1938 he had sold Alderley Park, his 4,000-acre family estate. The land had belonged to his family for 600 years, but the deaths of two heads of the family—his grandfather, Lord Sheffield, in 1925 and his father, in 1931—brought demands in death duties which the estate could not carry.

But the sale of the estate still did not make him a rich man.

LITTLE MONEY

IN America he had only his £540 a year as an officer of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve—and owing to the currency restrictions couldn't get any more.

He pointed this out to Sylvia. She told him not to worry.

She also told him that if he needed a car to assist him in the discharge of his official duties, she would be glad to lend

an arrangement made in the ordinary course of domestic relationship between husband and wife, and carried no legal obligation.

Sylvia lost her claim—except for items totalling £107 18s. Then back to the social round she went.

The war was over: people everywhere were celebrating, spending money, having a good time. Sylvia plunged in at the deep end and swam with the strongest.

OLD TIMES...

FEBRUARY 1940 saw the entrance of Sylvia Ashley into the Stork Club in New York, being taken over by Lorelei and William Randolph Hearst Jun. for a party in Sylvia's honour. Everyone said how adorable she looked: how amazingly young for a woman of 42.

It was just like old times. Old times...

Sitting there amid the plush and swank of that exclusive club, did she—one wonders—think back over the years, assessing her achievements in the light of what they had cost her?

By now the girl who once sang at her father's working

...with a wrangle in the courts over money

Her wartime marriage to a handsome peer ends within a year

bed. He was dead. And only his dog had seen him die. They went to wake Sylvia, who was sleeping in the next room, and told her what had happened.

"It's impossible," she said, while-faced. "It was only a little pain. Doug can't be dead. He's the strongest man in Hollywood."

Then, sobbing uncontrollably, she collapsed.

Hollywood was stunned. Only a few days before Fairbanks had been to a football match—and vaulted over a barrier with the same old agility he used to show in his early pictures. He had never seemed fitter.

The day after his death, while Fairbanks lay in his huge, carved bed, they came to pay last tribute to him... Norma Shearer, Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall, Myrna Loy—all the Hollywood greats.

In front of the bed, refusing food and water, lay Marco Polo. The dog was inconsolable.

The great bedroom was banked with flowers sent by every famous actor and actress in the United States... and some not so famous.

Outside the house guards kept back a huge crowd which had driven "out from Los Angeles. A group of teenagers carrying black posters bearing the words, "Robin Hood is Dead," "The Thief of Bagdad is Dead," and "Artagan is Dead," paraded before the gates of the house.

Sylvia, still suffering from shock and under medical supervision, gave instructions that the funeral rites were to be private and simple.

"My husband wished it that way," she said.

Two days later, at the Kirk o' the Heather in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Fairbanks was laid to rest. The guards kept

asked for an allowance to support her in the manner to which she was accustomed. She said she had no other means of support.

The court allowed her £750 a month. Douglas Fairbanks Jun. and other beneficiaries considered this too much, and wanted the allowance cut to £250 a month. A long legal wrangle followed.

This resulted in a temporary cooling off in relations between Sylvia and Douglas Jun.

WASHER-UP

TO try to forget Fairbanks' death, Sylvia plunged into war relief and charity work.

With America in the war, she volunteered to work in any way she could, and claims to have washed up more cups in service canteens than any other woman.

She continued to be her bright, amusing self, and more than one young American soldier lost his heart to her.

But Sylvia was not interested. Not interested, that is, until 1943... when a darkly handsome young R.N.V.R. officer came into her life.

He was a lieutenant-commander stationed in America. He was charming. And he had a title...

To Sylvia, lonely and unattached, Lord Stanley of Alderley looked very good. She could not know that this was to prove the most disastrous attachment of all.

Thirty-six years old, Stanley was a great lover of the sea. He possessed three titles, and it was said that the beginning of the war found him so keen

one to him. She had two laid up she told him—a Ford and a Rolls.

He chose the Rolls. She taxed and insured it for him. From the way she was behaving—after all one did not lend a Rolls to just anyone—Sylvia's friends could see she was in love again.

And she was. At the end of the year they decided to get married. And in Boston, in January 1944, Sylvia became Lady Stanley of Alderley.

The problem of money was still a very real one to Lord Stanley—for it was quite obvious that Sylvia would hardly be content to live on his £10-a-week pay.

Indeed she was not. A few days after the wedding Sylvia opened a joint banking account with him, on which she authorised Stanley to draw for the expenses of them both.

However, the marriage was a disaster from the start. They just did not get along.

In May 1944 Stanley returned to England. Sylvia followed in September.

They both checked into the Ritz Hotel. Two months later—after a heated argument—Stanley walked out of the hotel. He did not go back.

And that, indeed, might have been the end of that. But Sylvia, determined that Stanley should repay what she had lent him in the United States, took him to court in 1946—claiming £3,683 17s. 7d., which she alleged she lent to him or paid on his behalf.

In court Stanley insisted that the joint banking account was

men's club was famous. Or notorious, depending upon one's outlook on marriage. Sylvia was tremendously wealthy: she was witty, bright and beautiful; she was personae grata everywhere.

What was she thinking while the champagne flowed and the music played? Of Wharmcliffe Gardens where she had grown up? Of the Great Central Station where she had worked as a young clerk? Of her days as a manicurist? Of her father?

A TIRED MAN

ARTHUR HAWKES was still living in Wharmcliffe Gardens a tired, sick man whose sight was fading and who wore a hearing-aid. Apart from what Sylvia sent him, he had only his small pension.

When asked, he would say sadly: "No, I haven't seen my daughter recently. But I'm supposed to look like her, you know. That makes me handsome, doesn't it?"

Hawkes had worked as a doorman at a London restaurant from 1942-45. For 10 years before that he had been a porter in a Regent's Park block of flats earning £2 a week.

When had he last heard from Sylvia? He couldn't remember. But he always knew how she was getting along—because of the newspapers.

The last item he remembered was the report of a burglary at her London flat in August 1946.

She'd been robbed of jewellery worth £50,000. "I wish," said Hawkes sadly, "I had as many pennies..."

NEXT WEEK Clark Gable is Sylvia's fourth...and then, The Prince

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Men are so awful in boats
—but I'll sail again

Says ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

THE only time in my life when I did a lot of sailing was 20 years ago, when I was in love with a young man with a boat. It was a great relief to me when I fell out of love with him and switched to a young man with a nice little car.

I used to be sick when it was rough, and impatient when it was calm, and cold and cross when we got stuck on sandbanks.

The other thing I have against sailing is that men become so awful when they're in charge of a boat.

I have been sworn at by men who are gentle to a fault in ordinary life. I shouted at by timid intellectuals. I was bawled at by bossy mariners who wouldn't say boo to the office boy on dry land.

★ ★ ★

But I can see I've got to take to the sea again. Because sailing is becoming such a fashionable sport that I shall be left by the tide if I can't do it.

I must admit that a sailing boat is such a delicious sight, and seasickness pills have reached such a peak of efficiency, that I want to have a go again. Even I can see great points in favour.

Sailing is heaven for children. It makes them feel adventurous and useful, there is the thrill of the occasional fright, and the exhilarating sense of accomplishment as each new piece of technique is learned.

Sailing, even in rough weather when you have to work hard, is the most relaxing thing in the world. A boat isn't useful or commercial, or anything to do with your working life. It's there purely for your pleasure.

Women say it makes their week-ends a real holiday, instead of a time for extra work. "I used to do all the cooking and chores for six of us," one woman told me. "Now we all pack off to our boat at Bournemouth, and the work is naturally shared. It isn't work, anyway—it's just a picnic."

The clothes—jeans, sweaters, and oilskins—the most comfortable of any sports gear. (Think of the time it takes to dress for skiing, or to struggle into riding breeches.)

Sailing isn't a millionaires' sport. You can do it modestly. A good club dinghy costs £150 to £200, a small cruising boat is cheaper than a car, and thousands of people now build their own boats for much less.

You can also cut your living costs for holidays and weekends, as, if your boat is big enough, you sleep in it, and if it isn't you can take tents, or use the cheap bed-and-breakfast terms which most yacht clubs offer.

As you can see, the children have been getting at me. They've even taken me to a local regatta.

I have an ugly feeling that this may be the last summer when I shall sleep in a well-sprung bed.

Next sailing season, I'll be curling up in a comfortable bunk.

★ ★ ★

A new book by almost my favourite modern author has just come out—*A Father and His Fate*, by I. Compton-Burnett.

I can't understand why Miss Compton-Burnett's books, which are highly esteemed in a small

Gollancz, 13s. 6d.

circle, aren't best sellers. Because her theme is family life as we all know it. With deadly accuracy she exposes the tyrannies and probes the wounds of family relationships.

True, she is not a kindly writer. There is none of the dilly sweetness that has put Angela Thirkell at the top of the family-comedy tree.

But (although she would hate me for saying so) she is acutely funny and extremely readable. You fly through the pages, as though you were reading a thriller, waiting for the next family skeleton to fall out of the cupboard.

Her novels are written almost entirely in dialogue, and it is through their talk that the characters reveal themselves.

★ ★ ★

Here is a conversation between two ladies who are about to receive guests and agree that "to make a difference for guests stamps us."

"Our ordinary china is cracked and mended. But it is old and good. I should think it is rather rare."

"Oh, then we will use it. 'Cracked and mended, but rather rare.' That strikes the exact note. It is like fine old linen carefully darned. I suppose we have not any linen like that?"

Here is a revelation of snobbery much more true and subtle than U and non-U.

And here are some children talking in the nursery.

"Was uncle like a man with a mistress in history?"

"Yes," said Francis; "but when it is not in history, it seems to be different."

"And the man who was—'a father was the same?'"

"Yes," said Alice; "but when the mistress is Aunt Miranda, it seems more different still."

Many clever children talk with exactly this unconscious irony.

You may find Miss Compton-Burnett's family dialogues too stringent for you to swallow. But, like fresh lemon juice, once you've acquired the taste, you become an addict.

AUTUMN 1957...
AND THIS IS
THE SILHOUETTE
I GO FORNot a sack dress
...not a tight-
fitted dress...but
a line which
just indicates
the body

Early autumn dress in black and white tweed.

Veronica Papworth finds out the secret of the
masculine approach to "worries"WOMEN NEED A MENTAL
"ESCAPE MECHANISM"

SOME days (and I'll be honest—only some days) it seems to me that I must be the world's biggest WORRY-GUTS.

Round and round my head runs that non-stop chain of thoughts—"there can't possibly be enough meat for six on that bird and what on earth did I do with those papers and was she offended that I left so soon and suppose he's a vegetarian and blue, I think, with a greenish tinge and if I'm back by seven there should be plenty of time and did he say Ed-wards or Edmunds and melon would save cooking and perhaps green with a bluish tinge would be better," and so on... and so on.

I used to think most women were much more calm and organised. I didn't think this happened to anyone else until I confessed to two singularly composed-seeming chums and they both cried in unison "no too."

"CONVERSATIONS"

"Darling," said the younger, "I carry on conversations all day in my head. Madly witty I am sometimes—or scolding myself for my foolishness."

"A couple of weeks ago I was waiting for a bus and I suddenly said: 'nonsense—it's absolutely out of the question; and a dear old boy behind me took several paces backwards."

"I almost explained to him that I was just thinking about it but I suppose explanations would have made me seem more crazy than ever."

"Mine's a squirrel-cage mind," said the second. "I go on and on fussing and fuming over some difficulty whilst my husband, who probably minds



just as much, can SWITCH OFF when he's done what he considers to be enough worrying."

Isn't that true of most men—and how we envy them?

Is there, I wondered, any secret? Could I learn to "switch off" a part of my mind?

I've been talking to a psychiatrist friend who was a doctor in submarines special service during the war.

"It's perfectly true that a great many men have what I call a mental 'escape mechanism,'" he told me.

"They 'flap' their minor worries, make plans to deal

with them and then dismiss them. Women have such rag-bag minds—that this is practically impossible.

"The masculine approach to major crises also allows for escape. A man will size up a situation, say to himself: 'I've done my best and there's nothing more to be done. Then he'll simply STOP WORRYING.'"

It sounds so simple doesn't it? But it's no help to ME.

If there's something to be done I'm busy doing it.

But if there's nothing to be done—why that's when I START worrying.

(London Express Service).

WATCH THOSE EYEBROWS



WHAT do you remember about a beautiful face? Quite often it's the eyebrows. When I think of Garbo it's her high-arched brows that stick in my mind. Elizabeth Taylor? Those shaggy brows, almost like a man's. The Duchess of Argyll? Those very black brows, low and level.

★

Eyebrows can be a beautiful feature and as revealing as a signature. Experts say that a well-defined arch is a sign of a romantic, feminine nature, that brows that nearly meet are deceitful, that dark, intense brows are passionate, red brows ambitious, and shaggy brows lazy and weak. Which has probably a germ of truth.



To improve the brows is one of the easiest beauty tricks. Choose the ideal brow line for your face, pluck the brows as near that shape as possible, and do the rest with a pencil. Don't be afraid to add as much as you need. Everybody does it.

For most faces keep the arch exactly centred over the eyes. Always pluck from underneath only.

Don't go for that Oriental line unless you have almond eyes. It looks grotesque on most English faces.

Use a grey pencil if black looks too heavy.

If you can stand heavy brows try a dye or liquid mascara, which will last for days.

Don't overpluck. Heavy, almost shaggy brows are in fashion.

★

Whose are the famous brows above? They belong to Barbara Goalen, Elizabeth Taylor, Elsa Martinelli, and Dany Gress, the famous exotic model at Lanvin-Castillo.

JUST ADD SOME LEMONADE

By ALICE DENHOFF

IT'S easy to be a summer-time hostess for while appetites may be capricious they are easily satisfied and light food is the order of the day. Then, too, there are ever so many conveniences to make cooking easy, such as delicious frozen lemonade concentrate. Add it to various cake mixes, and you have the makings of some delightful refreshments.

For sunbaths, easy-to-do cupcakes, combine 1/4 c. frozen lemonade concentrate, thawed,

1 1/2 c. confectioners' sugar, 3 tsp. butter, blending well. Spread on top and sides of 18 1 1/2 in. cupcakes made from your favourite cake mix. Roll cakes in 1 c. flaked coconut.

For a super special lemonade, so easy to do, combine 8-oz. tin of the lemonade concentrate and 2 (12-oz.) line apricot nectar, stirring until concentrate is dissolved. Make about 1 qt. of refreshing beverage.

When the thermometer is behaving decently and you want to make a cake for that special

guest, here's one. Sun-Fluff Cake, that should prove a hit. To make a 10-in. cake, thaw a 6-oz. tin frozen lemonade concentrate.

Combine with 1 c. sugar, 2 egg whites and 3/4 tsp. salt, beating thoroughly. Cook over hot water, beating constantly with rotary beater or electric mixer, until mixture forms soft peaks about 10 min.

Add 1/2 c. prepared marshmallow cream. Beat until mixture stands in peaks about 2-3 min.

Frost top and sides of a 10-in. angel food cake. Then, watch it disappear!

1957—
YOUR LEAN
YEAR?

Around about the end of December most of us began to show definite signs of schizophrenia, sometimes known under its other name of New Year Resolutions.

Our personalities split in two and the angel half wrote a long list of the acts of discipline, self-denial and charity it would accomplish in the coming twelvemonth.

On January 1 we rose immediately the alarm rang, touched our toes, performed deep breathing exercises, drank our tea without sugar and actually smiled at our breakfast mates. And the hopes we entertained! "One month from now, by dint of doing without over-rich cakes, sugar and sweets, we shall have a figure like a fashion model." Sanity and the Awful Truth returned circa Jan. 2. "Never," we said, compensating ourselves for the previous day's excessive and impossible strain by sampling a pile of buttered scones, "never shall we regain our girlish figures."

If that is the kind of fate which overtook your attempts at weight-reducing you should try P.L.'s Fabian Slimming Method. The principle of the Fabian Slimming Method is as old as the hills of Rome itself—for it takes its name from Quintus Fabius, the general who subjected Hannibal to war on the "never-never-system." His do-it-gradually tactics reduced Hannibal's weight—and they will do the same for you.

The strength of The Method lies in the fact that it treats you not as an angel but as a mortal woman.

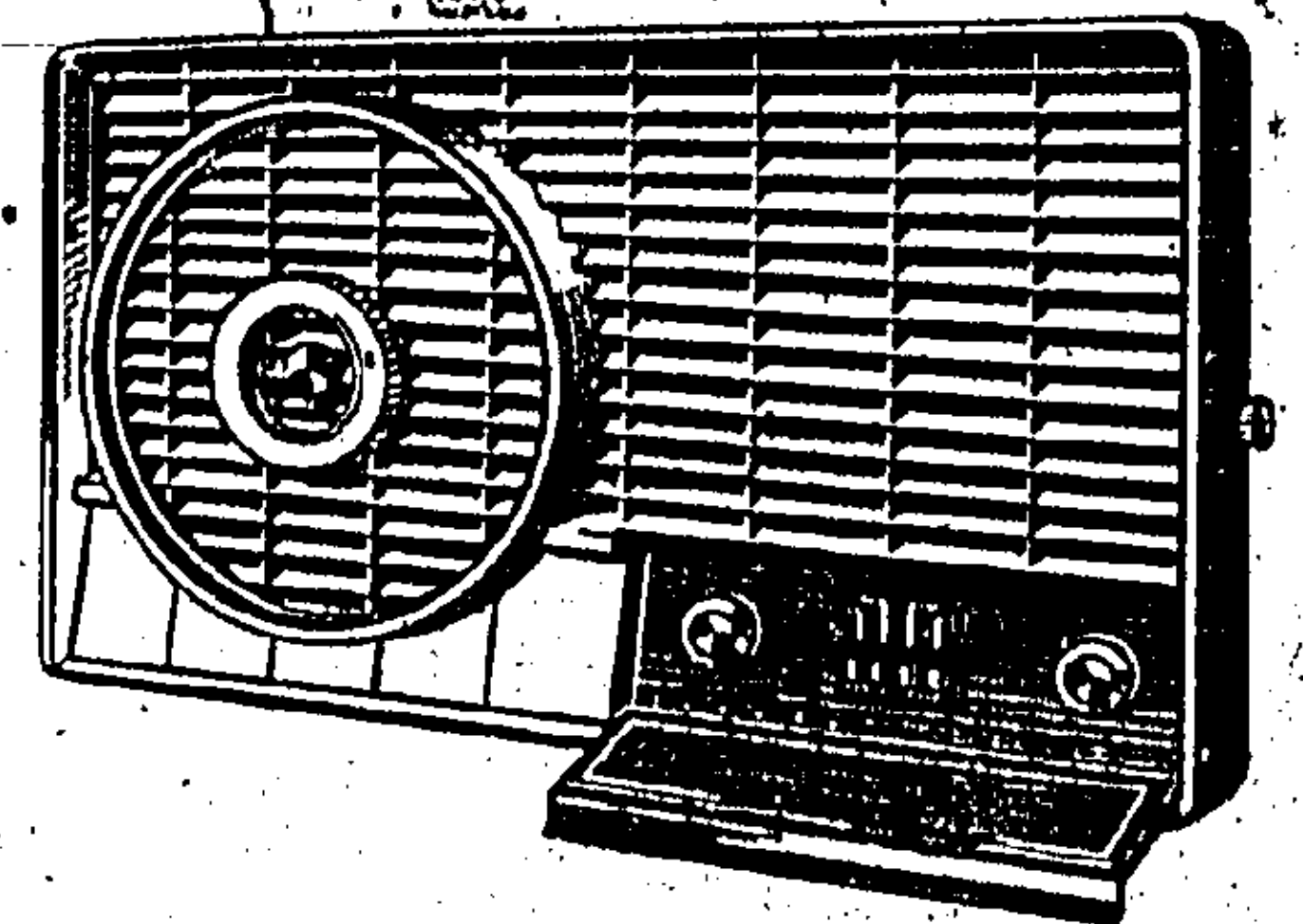
It tells you not to wage pitched battles against your body's long-established craving. Instead it says: Do gradually without the foods you know to be fattening. It also says: Enlist your natural allies: P.L. lemon juice, for instance, taken in warm water daily before breakfast without sugar, and a little (equally regular) exercise to help you face life bravely.

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In Sir Harry Wundorley's tour of hospitals he is seen with three directors of the Tung Wah group... from left Messrs Y. W. Fong, C. H. Cheung, and Wilson Wang.

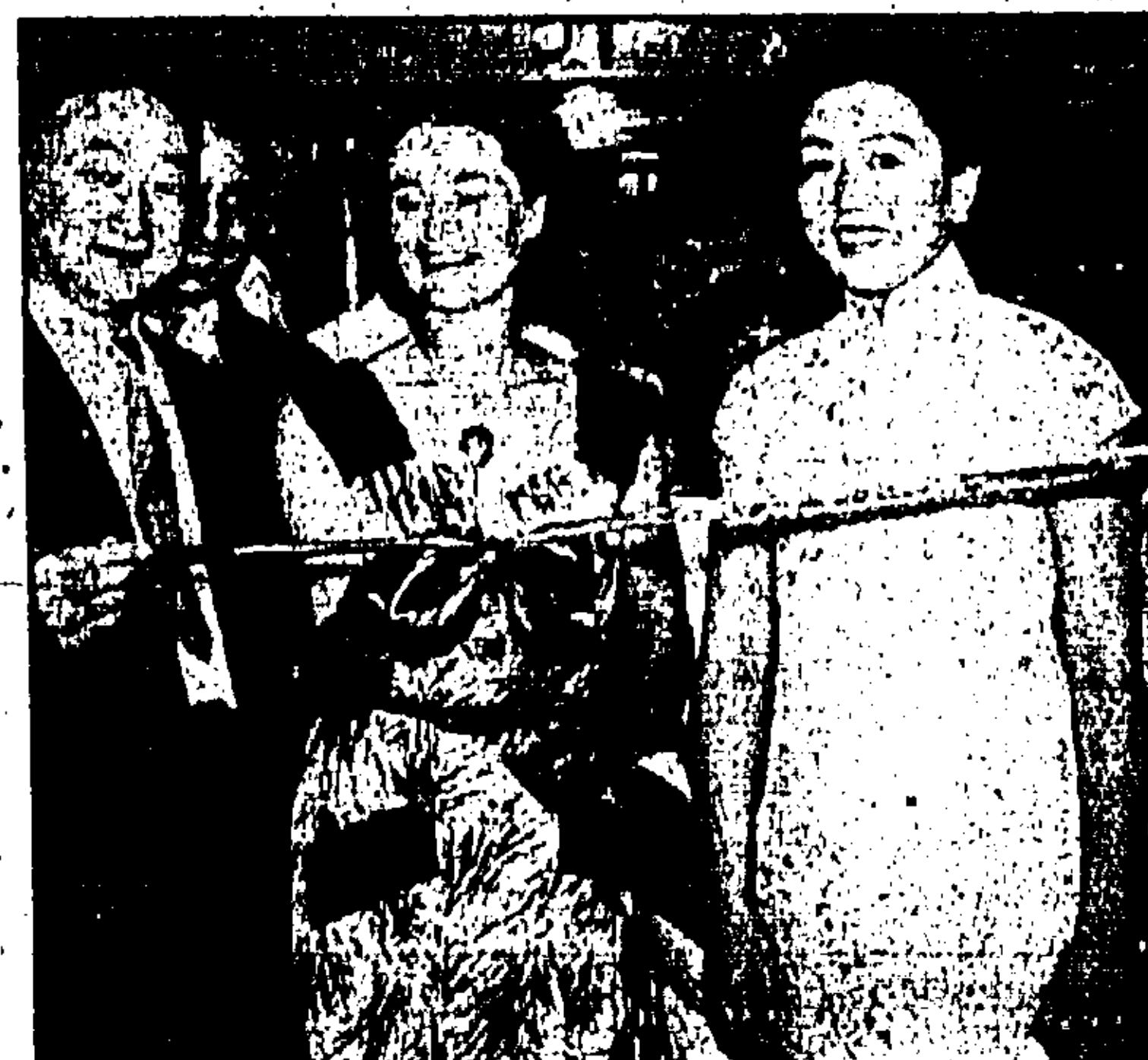
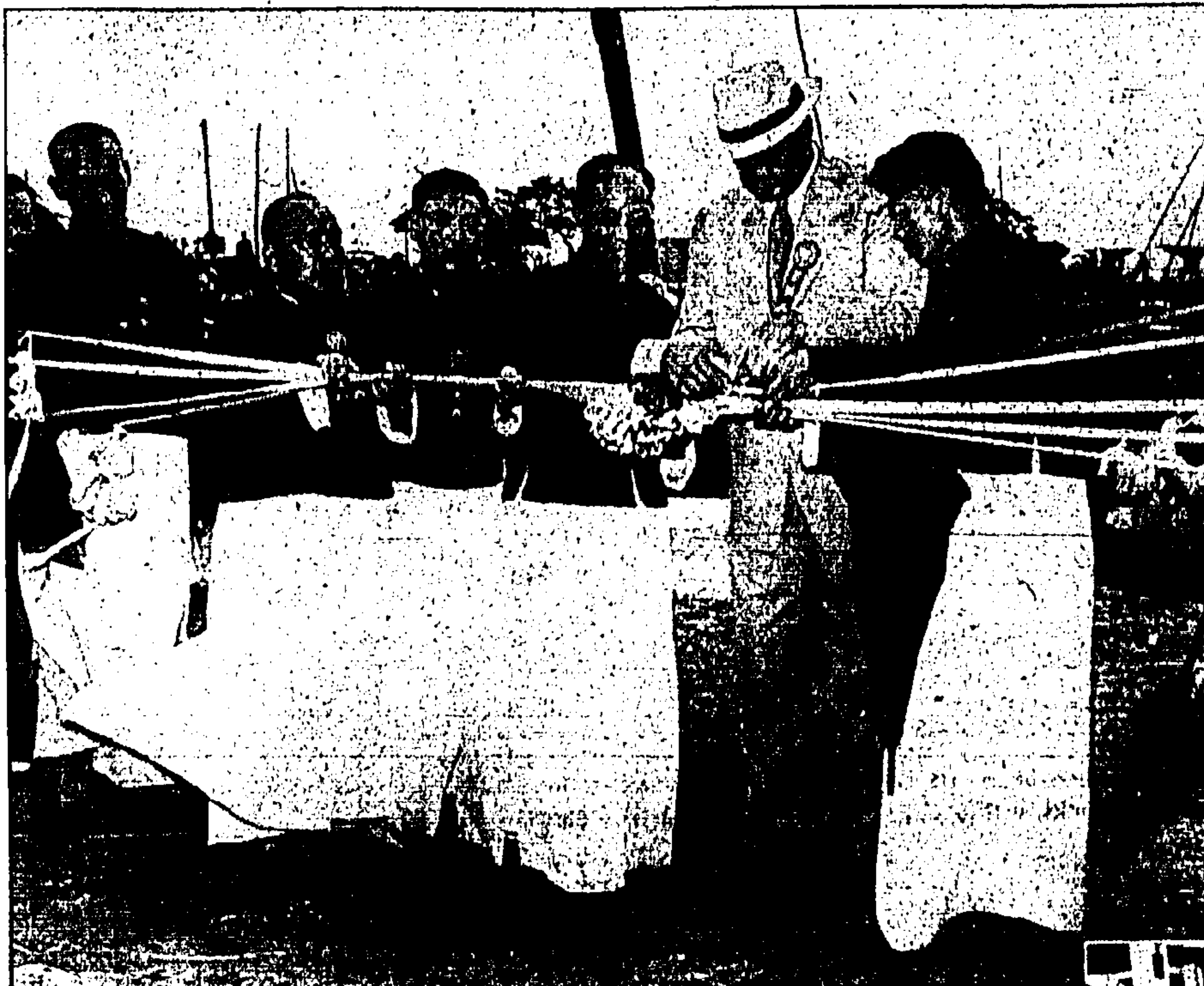
LEFT: Two of this page's favourite people, Miss Cator of the Royal Netherlands Consulate-General, and Sir Shousen Chow at a cocktail party on Korea's National Day. (Staff Photographers)



Visitors that you may have seen at the Repulse Bay Hotel... "Daddy Longlegs" and a very pretty daughter, Ava Astaire. BELOW: Mrs Kohlscheen opens Kwong Fat Cheong's new showroom.



"Farewell Hongkong"... Katharine Dunham says it in a chaongram as she waits at Kai Tak for a plane taking her off to Manila. (Staff Photographer)

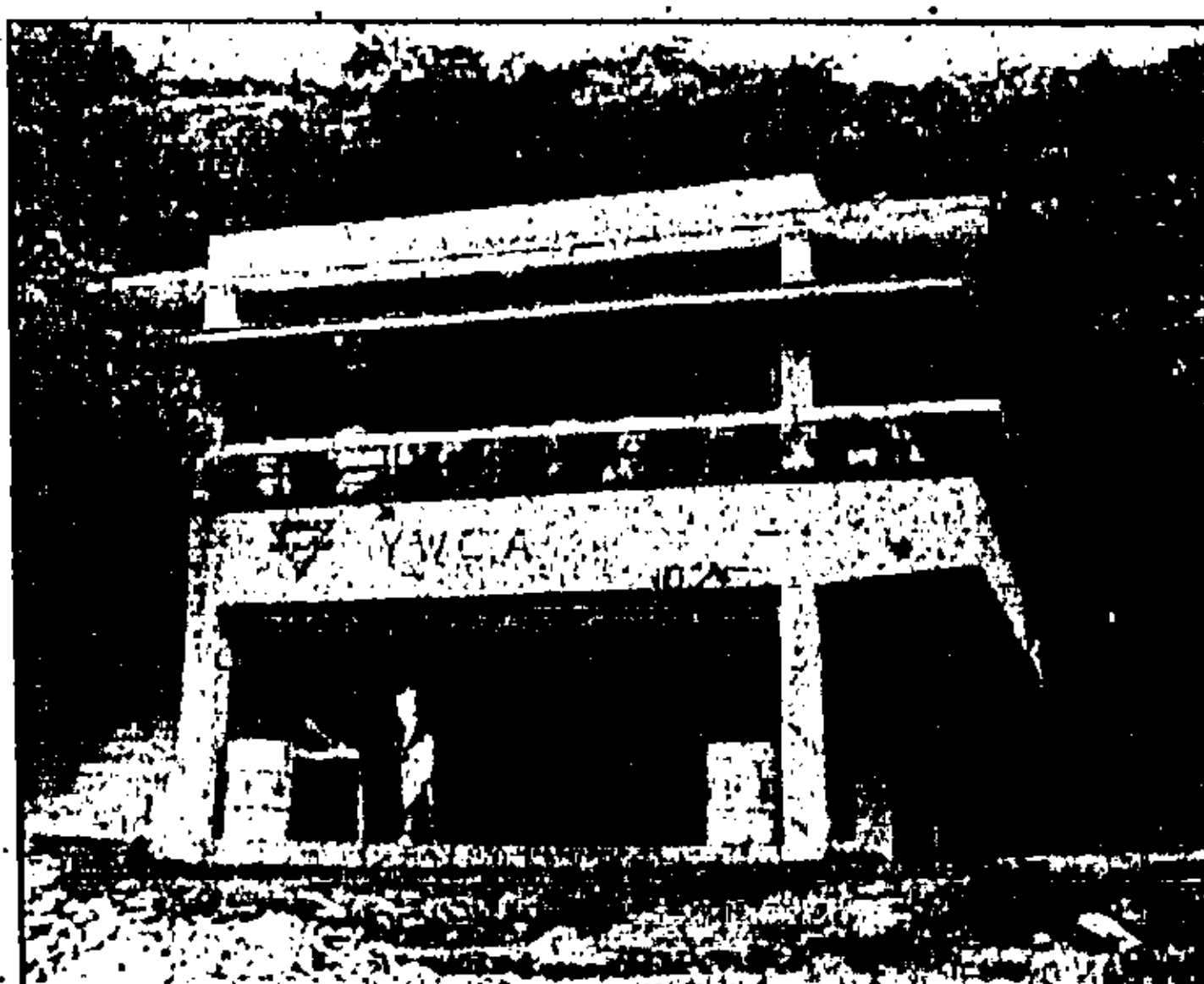


LEFT: Village elders in ceremonial jackets assist Mr K. M. A. Barnett to open a Buddhist ritual celebration to raise funds for Pok Oi Hospital. (Staff Photographer)



ABOVE: A line-up of film faces, and each one has a ribbon to cut to start off the charity performance at Lai-chikok Park organised by the Tung Wah Hospitals.

ABOVE RIGHT: Sir John Teesdale, Australian wheat board chairman, and Lady Teesdale are seen off at Kai Tak by Mr and Mrs C. F. Sun.



ABOVE: New swimming shed for the YMCA at South Bay is opened.

RIGHT: New Chinese Recreation Club is begun. At a ceremony to lay the foundation stone, from left: Lady Man-kam Lo, Mr F. K. Lau, Mrs Lau, and the Hon. Sir Man-kam. (Staff Photographers)



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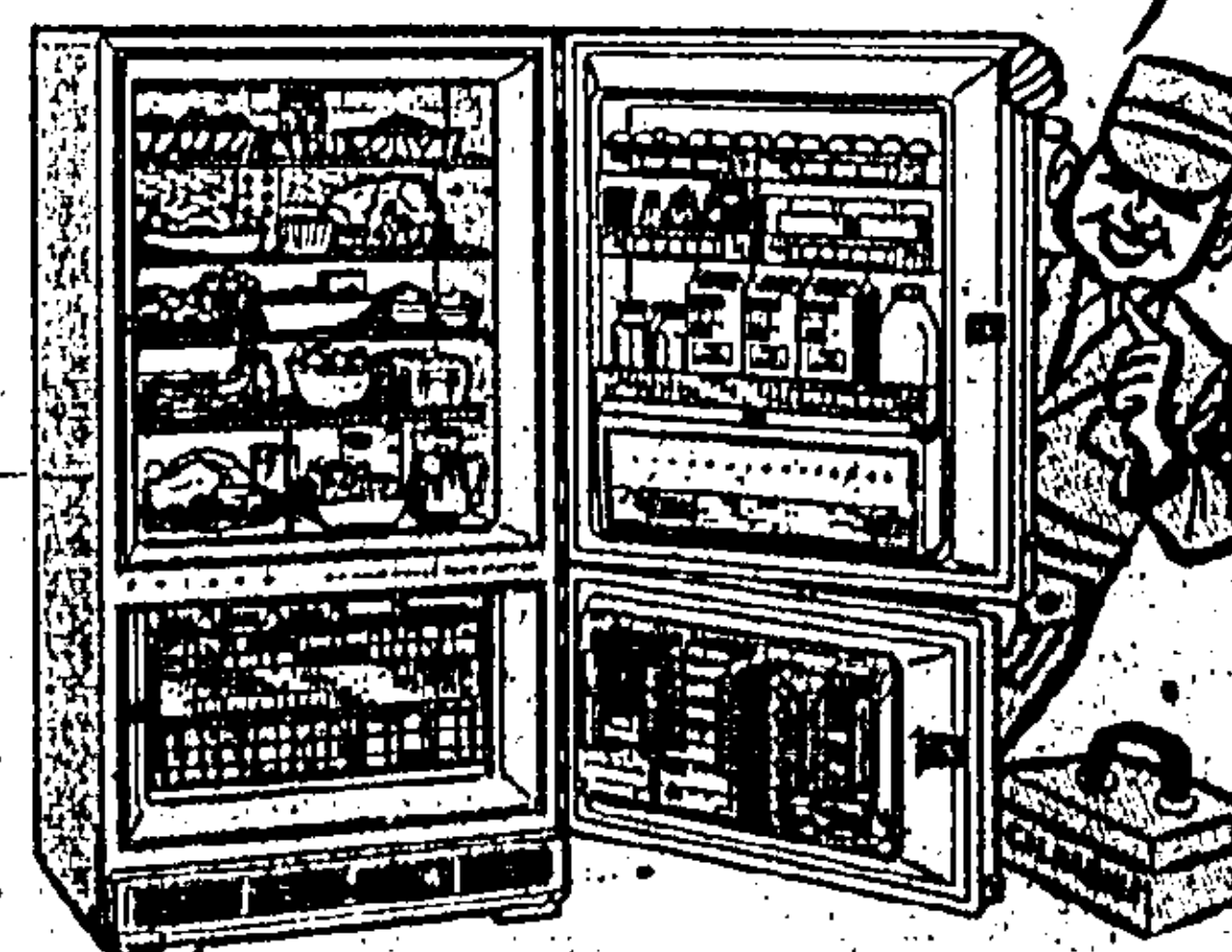
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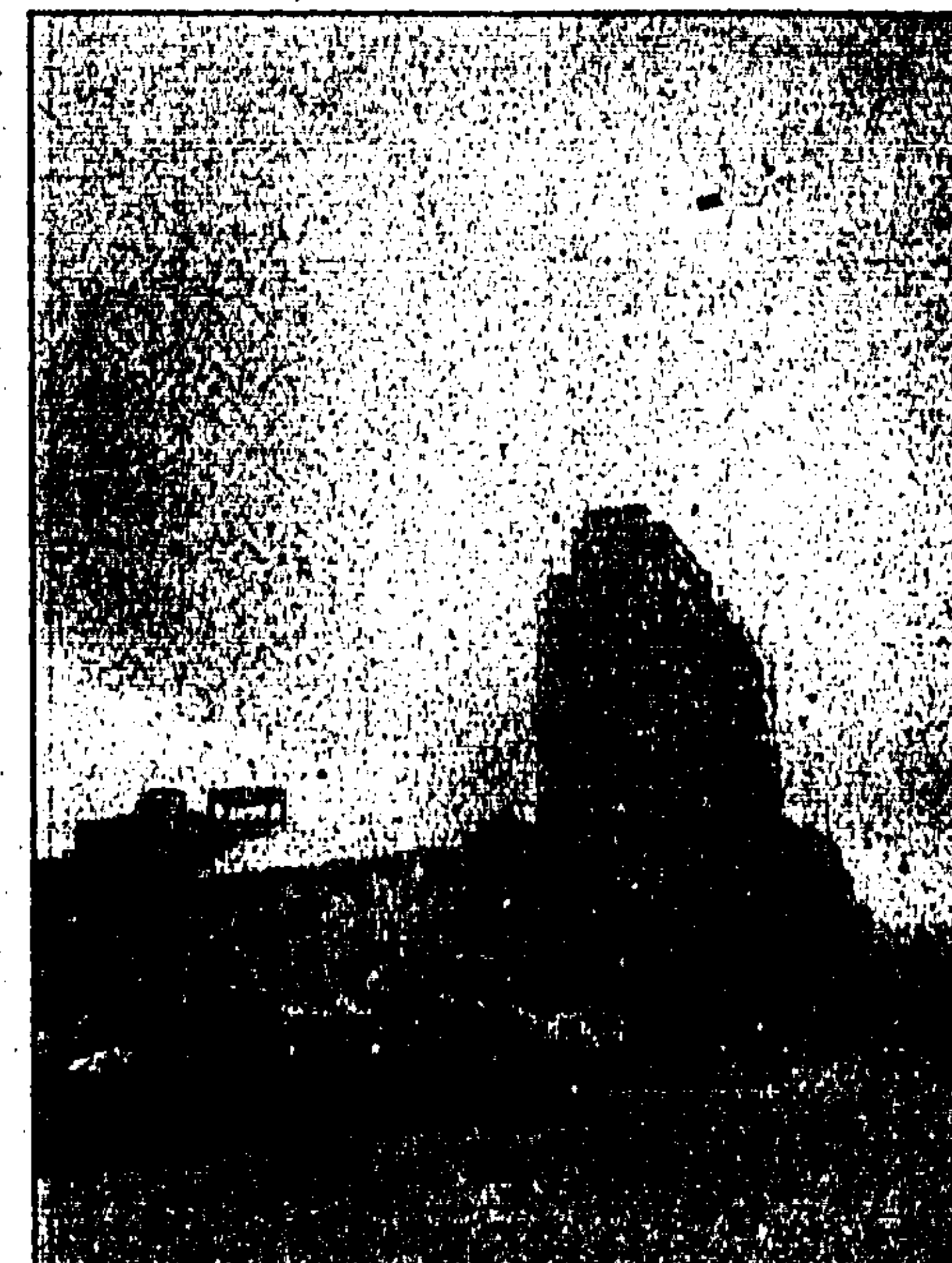
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Something a bit frightening about a lot of pretty girls in a crowd. This lot, above and left, are 30 Hongkong beauties chosen to model London fashions in October in aid of the SPC. RIGHT: Almost back in circulation again—the new Po Hing Theatre.



Rehearsal for next Wednesday when Jan Lulu and Fung will perform this Cossack dance at the King's Theatre in aid of SPC and SPCA. There will be two matinee performances of the ballet—"La Boutique Fantasque."

LEFT: Members of the US Navy wait to make donations in a bank that underwrites Hongkong health. BELOW: Thanks, with a smile. And there goes another pint into the Queen Mary blood bank.

Staff Photographer



BUSINESS BIRTHDAY . . . 56 candles for Mr G. M. Hughes are a good reason to urge the firm's insurance salesmen into an extra effort.

AND THE OTHER KIND OF PARTY . . . (right) children in their best bib and tucker on the floor at Union Church Hall, Kennedy Road.

Staff Photographer



Hongkong was host and Japan dominated a three-day fencing carnival that ended on Wednesday with the Epee (above). Right—Japanese and Hongkong fencers together.

(Staff Photographers)

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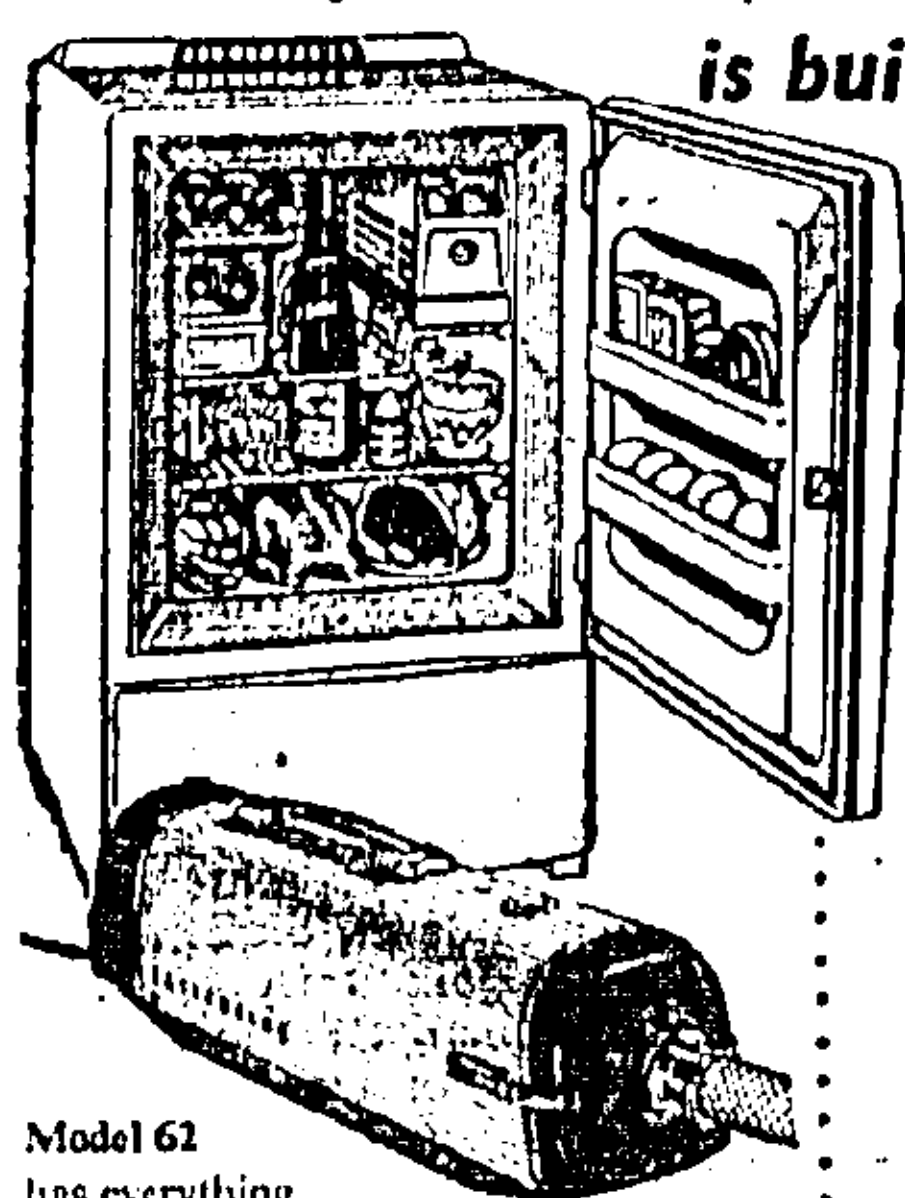
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Lorelei; I kiss you little hand, Madame; Zeg kwezelken wildet gij dansen; Londonderry
Air. Lionel Hampton and his rhythm.
- B 08108 L European Evergreens in Swingtime.
Isle of Capri; Red sails in the sunset; Ack Varmeland to Skonn; I kiss your little
hand, Madame; Wenn der weisse Flieder wieder blüht; Roll along covered wagon;
Tipitini; Narcissus; Parliant d'amour; Mari; La paloma; Mariandl; Jattendral.
Johannes Fehring and his dance orchestra.
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- B 10711 L Show Tunes.
survey with the fringe on top; Some enchanted evening; I got the sun in the morning;
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Tel. 60674

AND AT ALL LEADING RECORD SHOPS

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

LACE AND LINEN MOTIF
TABLE CLOTHLoose Jacket In White And
Three Shades Of Blue

INSTRUCTIONS are given
for 3 Sizes. 1st figures
are for 34 inch, 2nd figures
in brackets for 36, and last
figures are for 38 inch, bust.
Where only one set of
figures is given, this applies
to all sizes.

MATERIALS: Of Sirdar
Majestic 4 ply wool, 11, (11),
12 oz white, 3 oz navy, 2 oz
royal and 1 oz light blue. 2
needles with points both ends,
size No. 10. 1 open ended zip,
21, (22), 23 ins. long.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit 34,
(36), 38 inch bust. Length, 23,
(24), 25 ins. Underarm sleeve
seam, 16½, (18), 18 ins., or
length required.

TENSION: 7 sts. and 6 rows
to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS: K—knit;
p—purl; stst.—stitching st; sts.—
stitches; ins.—inches; inc.—in-
crease by working twice into 1
st; dec.—decrease by taking 2
sts. tog; rep.—repeat; beg.—
beginning; patt.—pattern; tog—
together; W—white; N—navy;
R—royal; LB—light blue; foll—
following; cont.—continue. In-
structions in brackets () to be
repeated the stated no. of times.

The double pointed needles
are used to avoid breaking the
N and W wools, when working
single rows in one colour. Work
from end of needle where wool
is, i.e. 2 consecutive K or P rows
may have to be worked.

The main part of jacket is
worked in stst. in the foll.
striped patt.

1st row: N. Do not turn
work. Join W. 2nd row: W.
3rd row: N. 4th row: W. 5th
row: W.

6th row: 2 W, * 1 R, 5 W;
rep. from * to last 3 sts., 1 R,
2 W.

7th row: 1 W, * 1 R, 1 W,
1 R, 3W; rep. from * to last 4
sts., (1 R, 1 W) twice.

8th row: 1 R, * 3 W, 1 R,
1 W, 1 R; rep. from * to last 4
sts., 3 W, 1 R.

9th row: * 5 W, 1 R; rep. from
* to last 5 sts., 5 W. 10th row:
W. 11th row: W.

Rep. these 11 rows twice
more, working the rows 6 to 9
again in R the first time, and
in LB the second time.

These 33 rows form the com-
plete patt.

LEFT FRONT

Begin at centre front. With
W, cast on 140, (153), 161 sts.
Work 10 rows stst. Start patt.
and shape for neck by inc. at
neck edge (end of K rows) on
every 4th row 5 times. Note:
Work extra sts. in correct patt.

Work 4 rows straight, then
cast on 10 sts. at neck edge
(104, (170), 176 sts.).

** Work straight at lower
edge, and, keeping patt. correct,
dec. at shoulder edge on every
8th row 8 times (158, (164), 170
sts.).

When straight edge measures
9½, (10), 10½ ins., shape for
side seam. Cast off 68, (74), 80
sts. at correct end, and work on
remaining 86 sts.

Still keeping the dec. on
shoulder edge, dec. at underarm
on every row 8 times, then
every other row 8 times; every
4th row 9 times; every 8th row
twice. Work straight at under-
arm, and cont. dec. at shoulder
edge until 50 sts. remain.

Cont. straight until 6 com-
plete patts. and 22 rows, for
smallest size, and 7 complete
patts. for the other 2 sizes, have
been worked from beg. (or
length required). Work the

first 3 rows of patt. Work 10
rows with W. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Begin at centre front. Work
as for left front, but reverse all
shapings.

RIGHT BACK

With W, cast on 161, (167),
173 sts. Do not work in back
of sts. on 1st row. With W,
work 3 rows stst., PURL 1st
row. Start patt. Begin with R
zigzag, i.e. 6th row of patt.
Work 7 rows, then keeping patt.
correct, inc. at neck edge of next
and every 6th row twice more
(164, (170), 176 sts.). Then
follow patt. as for LEFT
FRONT from **.

LEFT BACK

With right side facing, and N
wool, pick up and k 161, (167),
173 sts. along cast on edge of
RIGHT BACK, working into
the first K row, (not the cast on
sts., to avoid making holes). 2nd
row: W. 3rd row: N. Cont. in
patt., but start with LB zigzag
the centre of this is the exact
centre back of garment.

NOTE: to get patt. to exactly
match, work rows 9 to 6, in-
stead of 6 to 9, i.e. start 1st row
of LB with 5 W, 1 LB. Cont.
as for RIGHT BACK, reversing
all shapings.

EDGING

With W, cast on 14 sts. Work
in stst. until long enough to go
round lower edge of jacket,
approx. 28, (40), 42 ins., cast
off.

COLLAR

With W, cast on 124 sts.
Work 4 rows stst. 5th row:
K7, dec., (k 10, dec.) 6 times, k7
(117 sts.). 6th and alternate
rows: P. 7th row: Dec., k to
last 2 sts., dec. (110 sts.). 8th
row: Dec., k4, dec., (k15, dec.)
6 times, k3, dec. (100 sts.).
11th and 13th rows: As 7th.
15th row: Inc., k to last st., inc.
in last st. 17th row: As 15th.
19th row: Inc., k4, inc. in next
st., (k15, inc. in next st.) 6
times, k3, inc. in last st. (115
sts.). 21 st. row. As 16th. 23rd
row: K7, inc. in next st., (k16,
inc. in next st.) 6 times, k7.
Work 4 rows, cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join fronts to back at
shoulders and upper arms.
Press, on wrong side, under a
wet cloth, with a hot iron. Join
under arm and side seams. Fold
white edgings of sleeves in half,
and hem down on wrong side.
Tack, and then slip st. on wrong
side a narrow hem (2 rows)
on white edges of fronts, press
these edges. Tack, and then
back 41, one edge of white
edging around lower edge of
jacket; fold in half, and hem
down on wrong side. Press this
hem well. Pin, and then sew,
up fastener, to front. Fold
collar in half, right sides tog.,
and join shaped ends.

Turn right side out, and press
well.
Pin, and then st. cast on edge
of collar st. jacket, easing in
neck to fit collar. Hem down
cast on edge of collar, to jacket,
on wrong side.

Give final press.

MATERIALS: Coats Chain
Mercer-Crochet No. 40 (20
grm.), 29 balls selected colour.
¾ yd. (4 m. 33 cm.) linen, 30
in. (01.5 cm.) wide to match.
Millwards Steel Crochet Hook
No. 4. (Slack workers could use
a No. 4½ hook and tight
workers a No. 3½).

TENSION: Size of motif = 1
in. (2.5 cm.) square.MEASUREMENTS: One
crochet square—5 in. (12.7 cm.),
5 motifs x 5 motifs, 75 in. x
95 in. (190.5 cm. x 241 cm.).ABBREVIATIONS: ch—chain;
ss—slipstitch; dc—double
crochet; hlf tr—half treble; tr—
treble.

DIRECTIONS

Crochet Square (Make 143)
First Motif

Commence with 6 ch, join
with a ss to form a ring.

1st Row: 8 dc into ring, 1 ss
into first dc.

2nd Row: 1 dc into same place
as last ss, (12 ch, 1 dc into each
of next 2 dc) 3 times, 12 ch; 1
dc into next dc, 1 ss into first
dc.

3rd Row: Into each loop
work 3 dc 2 hlf tr 6 tr 2 hlf tr
and 3 dc, 1 ss into first dc.
Fasten off.

Second Motif

Work as for first motif until
2 rows have been completed.

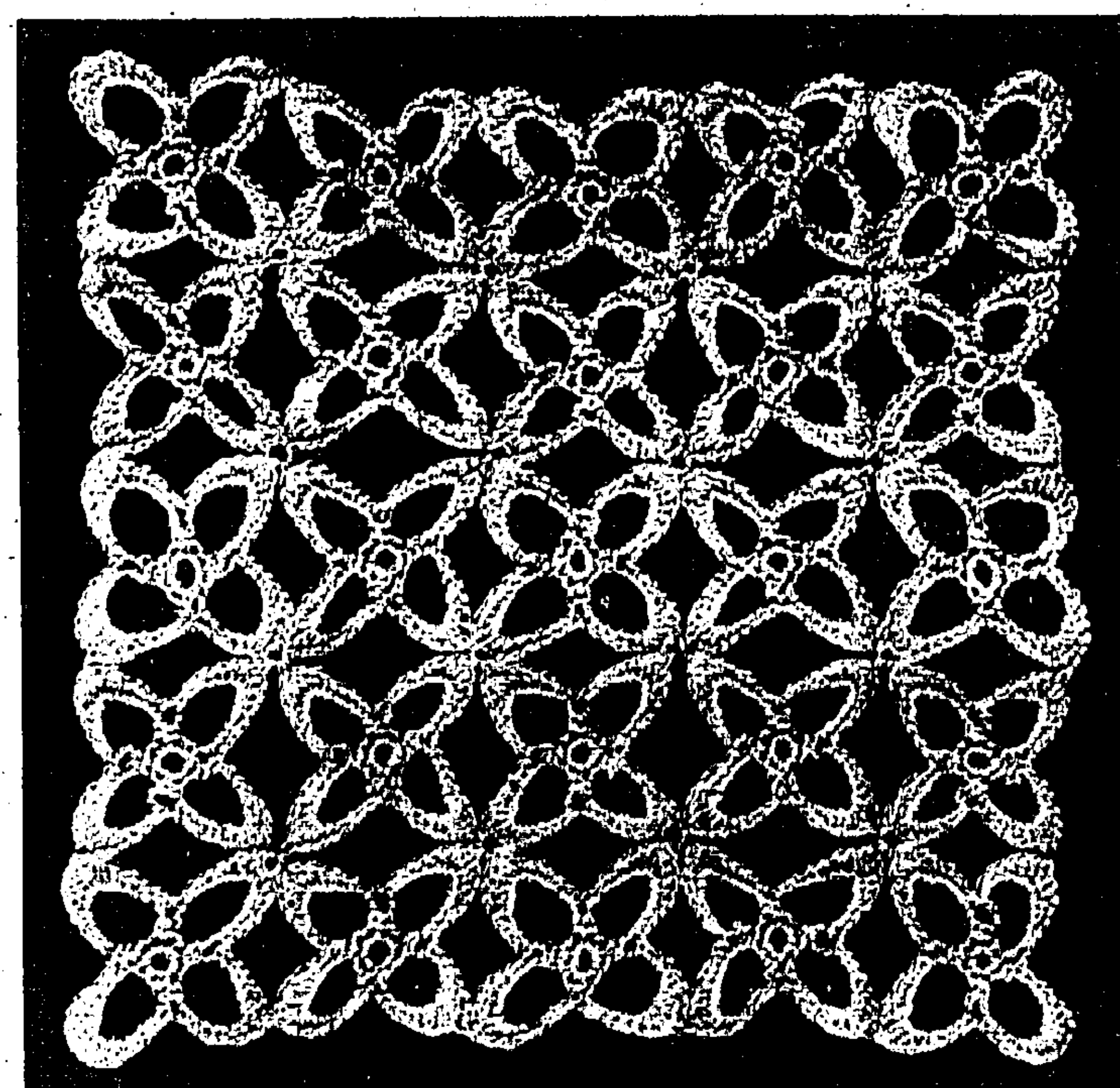
3rd Row: Into first loop work
3 dc 2 hlf tr 3 tr, 1 ss into 3rd
tr of corresponding loop on first
motif, work 3 tr 2 hlf tr and 3
dc into same loop on second
motif. Complete row, joining
next loop to corresponding loop
on first motif.



Make 5 rows of 5 motifs, join-
ing adjacent sides to second
motif was joined to first motif
(where 4 corners meet, join 3rd
and 4th corners to joining of
previous 2 corners). Pin out to
measurements.

Cut 142 squares of linen, each
5½ in. (14 cm.) or ½ in. (1.3
cm.) larger than crocheted
square. Roll a narrow hem all

round. Sew crocheted squares
to linen squares having 10
crocheted squares alternating
with 9 linen squares on first
strip and having 10 linen
squares, alternating with 9
crocheted squares of second
strip. Work in this manner,
alternating strips, until 15 strips
have been joined. Damp and press.



NEW DESSERT RECIPES FROM IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Fashionable "Chiffons"

"WELCOME to the test-
kitchen Fashion
Parade, Madame," said the
Chef. "This afternoon we
are modelling chiffons—
food-fashion of the season."

"Glad I'm wearing my
new chiffon dress, Chef," I
replied. "Perhaps you'll let
me emcee the show."

"Unfortunately, Madame,
that would be impossible.
This is a surprise; and be-
sides, you have not learned
the lines. So relax and
enjoy the treat of the sea-
son."

Three New Desserts

With that, the Chef wheeled a
big table into the centre of the
room, opened the refrigerator
door with a flourish and one by
one displayed the new chiffon
desserts—lemon chiffon pie
studded with blueberries, lemon
banana chiffon mould and
strawberry chiffon cream par-
fait.

"These desserts look gorgeous,
Chef," I said. "I can't wait to
taste them."

"Delicieux, n'est-ce pas? And
they were all made with the new

quick and easy lemon or straw-
berry chiffon pie filling as a
foundation."

Basic Recipe for Chiffon Fill-
ings: Place contents of 1 pkg.
lemon or strawberry chiffon
filling in a large, deep mixing
bowl. Mix in ¼ c. boiling
water. Add ½ c. cold water.

Beat vigorously 1 to 1½ min.
with a rotary beater or high
speed electric mixer.

When very foamy add 1/3 c.
sugar; beat 2 or 3 min., or until
the filling stands in peaks and
is nearly twice the original
bulk.

Spoon into a baked pie crust
shell. Refrigerate 2 hrs., or until
firm. Spread with whipped cream
or dairy sour cream; dust with
cocoa flakes, chopped nuts,
meats or fine cake crumbs; or
staid with blueberries, raspber-
ries, sliced sweet cherries or
strawberries rolled in sugar.

To vary this dessert, instead
of making pie, use the chiffon
filling as a moulded dessert.
For example, to make a
lemon-banana chiffon mould,
fold in two thin-sliced bananas.
Place in custard cups and refriger-
ate until firm. Turn out
and top with blueberry com-
pote for that high-style mauve
touch!

For a rosy cream whip, use
strawberry chiffon filling as a
base. Fold in ½ c. dairy sour
cream, spiced into parfait
glasses alternately with sliced
sugared strawberries. Refrig-
erate 2 hrs. Top with dairy
sour cream, a strawberry and a
sprig of mint.

Dinner

Anchovy Celery Slaw Saladette
Quick Chicken Fricassee
Spanish Rice
Green Bean-Corn Succotash
Lemon-Banana Chiffon Mould
Blueberry Compote
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea

Quick Chicken Fricassee:
Wash, drain and section 2 (2½
lb.) frying chickens.
Coat with a mixture of ½ c.
flour, ¼ tsp. monosodium gluta-
mate, ¼ tsp. salt and ½ tsp.
powdered thyme. Brown in 3 c.
fat.

Add 1 c. each sliced celery,
sliced mild onion, thin-sliced
carrots and 2 crushed beef
bouillon cubes. Stir in 3 c.
boiling water. Cover; simmer 45
min., or until fork-tender. Stir
occasionally.

Trick of the Chef

Season succotash with a little
rosemary.

"WHAT CAN HE BE that man in the sea?"

asks **ROBERT PITMAN**

WHILE the summer crowds come flapping over the sand by your deck chair, I offer you a beach-game which you can play in spite of everything.

Life back and relax.

And have a shot at the game which the psychologists play all the year round. The Personality Game.

Here are the rules. Look at that tall man in the blue trunks who is stepping so painfully across the shingle at the water's edge. What do you know about his character, his temperament? You may say that you have never seen him before. But

And, when he picks his way back up the beach, take a careful look at his head and face.

ASTHENIC

His hair is thick and coarse. His thick eyebrows will glisten with water. His nose is quite prominent although his face is thin. And his forehead is distinctly high. He is what psychologists call the **ASTHENIC MAN** (from the Greek for "slender").

And the psychologists have fixed his range of temperament fairly exactly. At one end of the scale, he might be extremely shy and sensitive. At the other, almost inhuman, calculating. At any event the Asthenic Man will always have a love of logic—although in politics that love will not extend to compromise. For the Asthenic will often be an idealist and sometimes a fanatic.

Who are the Asthenics? Well, they include T. S. Elliot, Somerset Maugham, Bertrand Russell, John Foster Dulles, Lord Salisbury, and the Red Dean, Hewlett Johnson.

Now look along the beach again. Look for Type No. 2. Look, for example, at that stocky man who is rearing with neck-terror as his children splash him. As with the

Asthenic Man his shoulders are not particularly broad. But his neck is short and thick. His body is pudgy and his legs and arms are short.

If he comes close enough for you to see his hands, you will notice that they are broad and soft and finely shaped. His face is broad too and square, and he probably is snub-nosed. His hair is going very thin.

PHYKNIC

He is the **PHYKNIC MAN** (from the Greek for "thick"). In some cases the Phyknic Man is slow and dull. But usually he is a good mixer, a great talker, a man who is impulsive and full of bustle. The Phyknic Man is not always fond of routine, but he always has a ready eye for the important. He notices what other people are doing. Sometimes he enters into their emotions so completely that he makes a brilliant mimic—or a brilliant leader.

Among the Phyknics may be Sir Winston Churchill, Ernest Hemingway, Al Read, Krushchev, Amurcin Bevan.

Then finally take a glance at Type No. 3. There he is, with cricket bat in hand, in front of an impressive racket on the pebbles. Which is not entirely a coincidence, for he is what

NOW—WHICH ARE YOU?

- Which of these acts of words do you find most interesting to repeat?
(a) Life, knife, fork, table, white, work, city.
(b) Five, mile, turn, left, heavy, left, car.
(c) Beat, lion, night, bear, best, knight, hare.
- How do you walk?
(a) With an easy, swinging step and your head thrust forward.
(b) Jerkily, with varying pace.
(c) With measured step, without swinging your arms.
- What attracts you most about a painting?
(a) The colours, (b) The design, (c) The general effect.

- Which describes your handwriting best?
(a) Flowing, large, with marked contrast of strokes.
(b) Jerky, uneven.
(c) Neat, with letters of even height.



- Which of the faces given above is most like yours? (Answers at foot of page.)

the psychologists call the **ATHLETIC MAN**.

But don't be misled by the name. The Athletic Man is not always an athlete. And a great many athletes are no. In fact, the Athletic Class (Cool, calculating, long-distance runner, e.g., Bannister, Pirie—are often typical instances of Asthenic Man.)

The Athletic Man is usually tall. He has broad shoulders, a narrow waist, and his legs are long and they are powered by big, tough muscles. His neck is long too, and his face is well modelled. At his best he has the Greek god profile. At worst, his features are nicely defined and even.

and SPORTY

What sort of character is the Athletic Man? Reliable, serious, loyal. He is a good organizer. Except at the top levels, where his poor imagination is a drawback.

He talks slowly and rarely reaches the intellectual heights. He makes a good soldier, a disappointing statesman.

Some instances of the Athletic Man—Peter, Lord Alexander of Tunis, Earl Mountbatten, Jim Laker.

But what about the women on the beach? Ah, that is

A new authority on life in Communist Europe (he spent 24 hours there) presents his report

I'm the odd man out in Tito-land

BRING me, I said to the waiter, one of your national dishes! Quelque chose naturel au pays... et was sehr special... eine dishe nationale. You know how one goes on abroad.

After a time the waiter went away muttering to himself and came back with a cold fried chop and some doubtful salad.

by **ROBERT MORLEY**



I don't know whether this is indeed a Yugoslavian national dish. I was only in Split for 24 hours, and never wish to go back to find out.

Up to now I have always had a soft spot in my heart for Marshal Tito. Life, I told myself, hasn't been all honey and flowers for him. All those Russians waiting to pounce. So this year I thought I'd like to bathe in his sea, eat a few delicious meals, listen to the band, buy a few souvenirs and generally give him a helping hand and some British travellers' cheques.

Besides, one of my relatives used to be always popping over to Yugoslavia to build a road when she was a student.

I queued....

I NEVER saw her road... out of family loyalty I refuse to believe it was the one over which we bumped from the airport, but then I saw very little of the country during my twenty-four hour visit. Most of the time was taken up queuing to get away. In any case I would have had to join a queue whatever I had planned to do, and the one at the travel agency seemed the most rewarding at the time.

I could have joined the queue for the post office, the queue for the bank, the queue for the theatre (outdoor, incomprehensible, and on the night I was there cancelled), the queue for the railway station....

As you will have gathered, there were a good many other people in Split besides myself, and it is only fair to point out that most of them seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely.

I am sure it was my own fault, but I was not one of them. I was all so very different from what I had imagined. There were no gipsies, no flowers, no bands. On the other hand, there were a great many pictures of Tito.

I found so many identical pictures curiously depressing and longed to come across one on which someone had scribbled a moustache.

Because all men are equal except, I suppose, the Marshal the hall porter of my hotel was not in uniform but dressed like everyone else in a single and trousers. He spoke only one word of English and that word was naturally passport. Yugoslavs collect passports while most of their neighbours collect hard currency. At the airport they took everyone's

passport away as soon as the plane touched down, then having scrambled them and collected the passengers together in a dingy waiting room, encouraged them to fight each other in a wild struggle to get them back.

Passports become like drugs at these occasions, and it is a matter of life and death for their owners to possess them again as soon as possible.

We put up quite a good fight and I think even the policeman was amused when an elderly American lady had her hat knocked off and her glasses broken in the melee.

The drive to the city from the airport was standard. The 45-minute journey (it always seems to take 45 minutes no matter where you land) was made in the usual Yugoslav bus driven too fast and on the wrong side of the road.

Dilapidated

AT the side of the road stood the standard farm workers. Nearly all the buildings were dilapidated, and bore the single legend Tito in white paint.

The land looked barren. In the fields old women sat staring out at their meagre stock and wondering presumably where their next root was coming from.

When we arrived in Split it was raining, and there were no taxis. It was still raining when I reached my hotel bedroom, as the lady upstairs let her bath water overflow and the water was pouring through the ceiling.

The next morning there was a large steamer in the harbour bound for Venice. It took some time to get my passport back from the hall porter, but I finally managed it. It occurred to me later that perhaps he wasn't the hall porter at all, and

that he just sat behind the desk because in Split that's the most comfortable place to be. In front of the desk you have to stand.

Long enough

TWENTY-FOUR hours is not very long to stay in a country if you want to get to know it really well and be able to write about it. On the other hand I never understand people who pride themselves on not judging by appearances or not trusting their first impressions.

Nor do I subscribe to the theory that travel broadens the mind. It does, however, in my case loosen the tongue.

I once stayed 39 hours in Bombay and occasionally surprise myself when I am asked out to dinner and have had a few drinks, by my grasp of India and all her problems.

This winter I shall expect to be asked out to a good deal by those of my friends who are interested in the Balkans and their problems. I am alas no longer interested myself but shall do my best to satisfy their curiosity whenever a suitable full occurs in the conversation.

Wonderful

ON the way home from a wonderful holiday in Venice I stopped for a day in Vienna. In the lobby of the hotel stood Bob Hope. "Good-bye with me to the desk," I begged him, "while I try to get a room. Tell them that I am a friend of yours." Mr Hope agreed.

"Have you," I asked the reception clerk, "a room in your beautiful hotel? I understand that my friend Mr Hope is most comfortable here."

"Is this gentleman a friend of yours?" he replied, looking at Mr Hope.

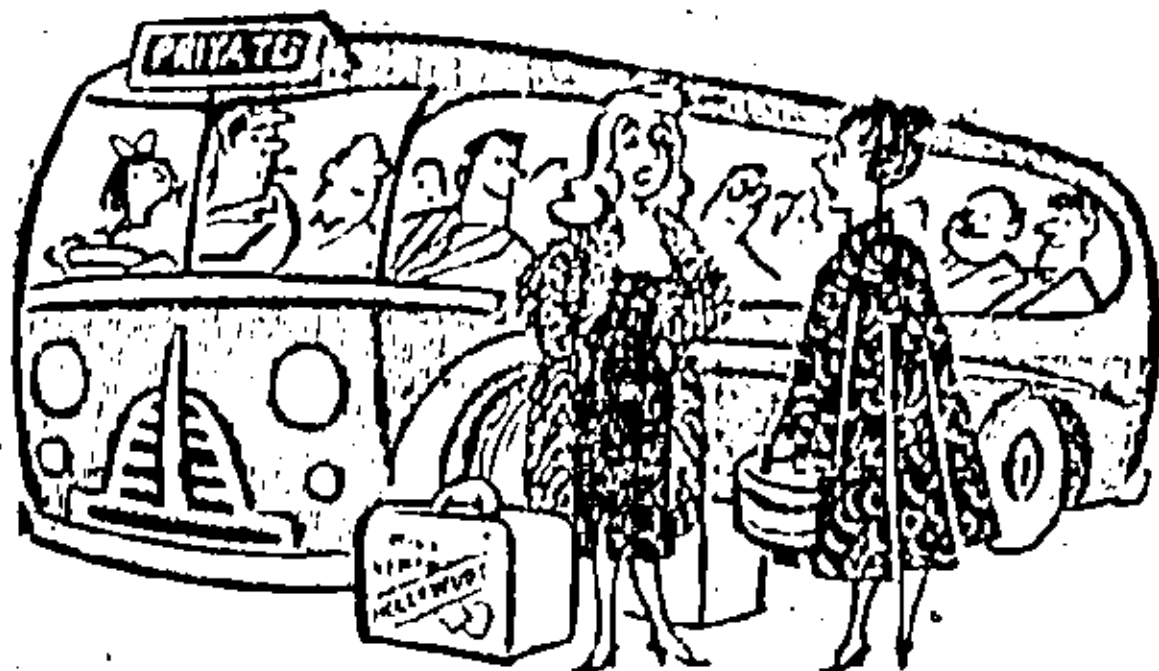
"All I know about him is that he cooks in his bedroom," said Mr Hope.

A foolish joke for which he paid dearly. It was after two o'clock in the morning when I finished telling him about Split.

Quiz Answers

If your answers are mainly A's then—say the experts—you are predominantly **Phyknic**. Mainly B's—**Asthenic**. Mainly C's—**Athletic**. The word test is based on research into the reactions of the three types.

WEEKEND Friell



"Why should Vivien hog all the publicity? I'm going on a motor tour with my daughter and ex-husbands."

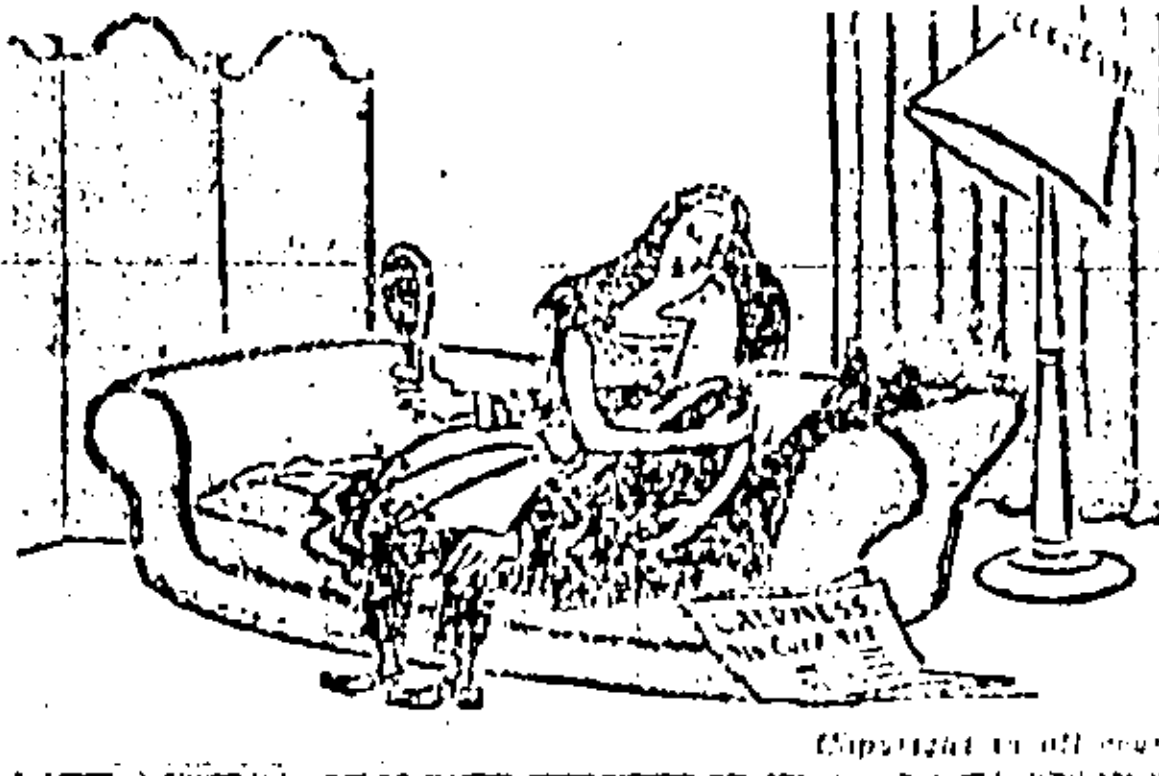


"Altrincham has a point. The effect on a constitutional monarchy of the eleven plus exam is an exciting speculation!"

EUROPEAN FREE TRADE DEPT.



"I'm sure what the P.M. said was that we'd better get muddling on with the job."



LEADERS OF INDUSTRY FOR HARWELL COURSE

They will learn about isotopes

THE directors and senior executives of many industrial firms will be going back to classroom "lessons" from September 25-27 to learn about the uses of radio-isotopes. A special course has been arranged for them in the Isotope School at Harwell.

During the visit, the executives will see the latest Harwell reactors, including Dido, where hundreds of powerful isotopes are produced for use by hospitals and industry.

They will tour the radiation laboratories at Wantage to watch experiments in the use of highly radio-active materials for the irradiation of food, chemicals and other manufactured articles.

Safety precautions

In the Isotope School, lectures will be given on safety precautions which are necessary in handling isotopes.

The executives will also hear a talk on the economics of converting an ordinary laboratory so that it can handle the dangerous waste products of the atomic industry.

After viewing the latest handling equipment, experts will answer questions from the executives on the best methods to use in their own businesses. The course will close with a full-scale discussion into some of industry's problems and the ways in which Harwell's research teams are meeting them.

(London Express Service).



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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

"Holiday In Malaya" - A Tour Of The Country On The Eve Of Independence

On August 31 Malaya becomes an independent member of the Commonwealth, and delegates from all over the world are on their way there to take part in the celebrations. Some of the sights and sounds of the country are brought to you in "Holiday In Malaya," a Radio Malaya production, at 8.30 p.m. on Tuesday.

Tony Beamish is the guide who introduces the noise of singing bamboos in the jungles, the night life in Kuala Lumpur, and the daily life of Malaysians all over the country. The programme ends with a message from the Chief Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman.

When Timothy Birch went to Manila recently he recorded his spontaneous impressions of the city at first hand. During the twenty-four hours he was there he made recordings of some of the outstanding music in clubs and cabarets, and interviewed some of the people he met.

These include the owner of a flourishing restaurant who made his money playing Jai-alai, one of the world's most skillful and spectacular games; a farmer from the provinces who turned out to have a very fine voice; and Miss Manila for 1957, who was also persuaded to sing a song, "Manila Midnight," will be on the air next Friday night at 10 o'clock.

Another contribution from a Far East radio station will be broadcast on Tuesday evening, "Seventy Up," a programme of music compiled and presented by Austin Coates in celebration of the 71st birthday of his father, the composer, Eric Coates, who will be 71 on Tuesday.

This Week—Among the personalities being interviewed in "This Week" at 7.30 tonight is the well-known dancing teacher, Carol Bateman, who will talk about her forthcoming production of "La Boutique Fantasque," Donald Brooks talks to Jack Cranmer-Lyng on the 20th Annual P.E.N. Congress which is to be held in Tokyo shortly; and Tim Britton interviews George Tyler on the spectacular fashion show which is to be held in the autumn.

Sporting Events.—The fifth Test Match between England and the West Indies will end on Tuesday, and commentaries on the last three days of the match by Rex Alston, John Arlott, and Kenneth Abblack, will be relayed from London by Radio Hongkong at 11.15 tonight and on Monday and Tuesday, with short eye-witness accounts of the previous days' play before the eighth o'clock news on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings, and at 9.20 tomorrow morning.

Tonight at 11.45 Rex Alston, taking a day off from cricket, will be at the White City Stadium in London to give the commentary on the 1,500 metres event between Great Britain and Russia. A preview of the race and the runners will be given by Harold Abrahams.

Some Reminders.—On Friday, a public holiday, Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting full day from eight o'clock in the morning. On Monday evening at 8.45, for listeners who missed the first broadcast or would like to hear it again, there will be a repeat of the feature "Thirteen Thirty-One" an up-to-date report on the work in progress on the new Kai Tak airport.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 600 kilocycles per second).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 "THE GAY SWING".
From the vintage period in the 1920s.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.02 "THE GAY SWING" (Cont'd).
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 NEWS SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.
Symphony Orchestra of Leipzig conducted by Hilmar Webers.
Tortoise of the Masters Declaration of Humour.
2.00 JUST FOR YOU.
2.02 MUSIC FROM THE SOUTH BEAN.
3.30 DEAN CHURCH.
A mystery serial in 8 episodes adapted by Eileen Trevor from the novel by Simon Tattler.
4.00 OPERETTA FAVORITES.
Gordon MacLach with chorus and orchestra conducted by George Greeley and Carmen Dragon.
"The Student Prince", "Student Marching Song", "Drinking Song", "Serenade", "The Red Mill", "Every day in Ladies' Day with me in Old New York", "Roberta", "You're devastating", "Don't ask me not to sing", "Love to look at", "Fashion show (Kern-Harbach)", "The Merry Widow", "Black and Blue", "Hearts, Girls, Girls, Girls", "Two Royal children".
4.30 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.
Alfredo Antonini and his orchestra.
5.00 HONEY VILLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
With the Keith Taylor Sisters. My Humorous Champagne Waltz, "Wonderful", "You Tink", "Falling in Love", "This Can't be Love", "Tango", "Fetters".

The man that got away—Judy Garland. The bus stop song—The Four Ladies. Memories of you—Denny Goodman. Trio with Rosemary Clooney. Forever Darling—Ronnie Carroll. "Julie"—Doris Day. Now you have Jazz—Bing Crosby and Louis Armstrong. Mind if I make love to you—Frank Sinatra. Lullaby in Blue—Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. "Debbie" felt this way because Eddie Fisher felt this way—Jill McGuire and his Music.

10.15 MORNING PROM.
Hamlet—Pavlovsky. Overture, Op. 67 (Tchaikovsky). The London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Rintona for Doubly Orchestra in F Flat Major, Op. 48 No. 1 (Bach)—The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Joseph S. Pasternak. 11.00 LUNCHEON SUNDAY SERVICE.
The Rev. J. E. Sandbach. Preacher: The Rev. J. E. Sandbach. 11.15 "BETWEEN YOU AND ME".
A talk by Stanley Mead. 12.00 MELODIES & MEMORIES.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.02 "THE GAY SWING".
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 NEWS SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.
Symphony Orchestra of Leipzig conducted by Hilmar Webers. Tortoise of the Masters Declaration of Humour.

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Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
8.02 WEATHER REPORT.
8.04 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
8.06 "THE GAY SWING".
8.18 WEATHER REPORT.
8.20 "THE GAY SWING" (Cont'd).
8.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.
Symphony Orchestra of Leipzig conducted by Hilmar Webers. Tortoise of the Masters Declaration of Humour.
9.00 JUST FOR YOU.
9.02 MUSIC FROM THE SOUTH BEAN.
9.30 DEAN CHURCH.
A mystery serial in 8 episodes adapted by Eileen Trevor from the novel by Simon Tattler.
10.00 OPERETTA FAVORITES.
Gordon MacLach with chorus and orchestra conducted by George Greeley and Carmen Dragon.
"The Student Prince", "Student Marching Song", "Drinking Song", "Serenade", "The Red Mill", "Every day in Ladies' Day with me in Old New York", "Roberta", "You're devastating", "Don't ask me not to sing", "Love to look at", "Fashion show (Kern-Harbach)", "The Merry Widow", "Black and Blue", "Hearts, Girls, Girls, Girls", "Two Royal children".
10.30 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.
Alfredo Antonini and his orchestra.
11.00 HONEY VILLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
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Monday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
8.02 WEATHER REPORT.
8.04 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
8.06 "THE GAY SWING".
8.18 WEATHER REPORT.
8.20 "THE GAY SWING" (Cont'd).
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Tuesday

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8.02 WEATHER REPORT.
8.04 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
8.06 "THE GAY SWING".
8.18 WEATHER REPORT.
8.20 "THE GAY SWING" (Cont'd).
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Wednesday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
8.02 WEATHER REPORT.
8.04 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
8.06 "THE GAY SWING".
8.18 WEATHER REPORT.
8.20 "THE GAY SWING" (Cont'd).
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AMERICA.
8.51 REPEAT HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
9.02 MORNING PRAYERS.
9.04 THE Rev. J. E. Sandbach.
9.06 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
9.08 T.D. HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.
9.10 CLOSE DOWN.

9.12 WEATHER REPORT.
9.14 NEWS SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
9.16 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.18 FAVORITE MUSIC.
9.20 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
9.22 ENCOUNTERS WITH THE MUSIC.
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Thursday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
8.02 WEATHER REPORT.
8.04 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
8.06 "THE GAY SWING".
8.18 WEATHER REPORT.
8.20 "THE GAY SWING" (Cont'd).
8.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.
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9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
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NOW LADS, EXPLODE! RUSSIANS TEST CARR AND LINDSAY

By DESMOND HACKETT

Britain's explosive young men were selected last week for the toughest testing range of athletics explosions when the Great Britain team was named to take on Russia at London's White City on August 23 and 24.

Nineteen-year-old grammar schoolboy MIKE LINDSAY and 15-stone, 20-year-old Barnsley miner ARTHUR ROWE make up the shot put team.

Lindsay goes in again in the discus hurling effort with beefcake high-powered pin-up boy GERALD CARR. MIKE ELLIS, my snap selection to be the first Briton to reach world class in the joy-through-strength events, is throwing the hammer.

I say right now that Mike Ellis will be the first Briton to beat the 2000 throw in this international match.

Twenty-one-year-old engineering apprentice COLIN SMITH, British Empire's best javelin hurler, is another of the explosive young men on the testing line.

Most of these young chaps will end up on the testing line against the highly-specialised State-coached Russians from Russia. But they will face the challenge, most of them will beat their own times, and all of them will decide that anything the Russians can do now they can do just as well within three years from now.

I'D PAY TO SEE THIS RACE

The race I will be willing to pay to observe is the 5,000 Metres—or 3 miles 188.9 yards if you want it in precise English.

The British pairing is world fastest miler and British three-mile champion Derek Ibbotson and Gordon-unpredictable-Pirie, world record maker over this distance.

This is Pirie's first appearance in an international match since emigrating to New Zealand.

Pirie v. Ibbotson should fill the stadium. With Russian intervention it should be the most exciting race since Chris Chittaway beat Vladimir Kuts in world record time in the same match, same race, three years ago.

The 1,500 Metres—1,340 yards—is the test piece for two under-the-four-minute-counter milers... Ken Wood and Brian Hewson. In his present mood, Wood looks unbeatable.

I like, too, the steeplechase line-up of Eric Shirley and John Disley. This is one event where I look for the British one and two placings.

So, after all, Nina Pomomareva, world record discus thrower, is not coming to London. Only three days ago Nina said she would come to Britain. But now she has asked to be relieved from the team because of "the painful impression" of her last visit.

(London Express Service)
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BIG HOPES FOR TWO THIRD DIVISION SIDES Palace And Rangers Should Have Good Seasons

by HAROLD PALMER

The London Third Division clubs of whom most can be expected in the coming season are I think, Queen's Park, Rangers and Crystal Palace, Rangers because they have such an established defence and now appear to have added thrust in attack; Palace because they can expect their young players to bring better results as their experience grows.

Only three clubs in the Southern Section, Ipswich, Colchester and Southampton, had fewer goals scored against them than Rangers last season.

NOT SO BRIGHT

The reason for this happy state of affairs lies in the six players who formed Rangers' defence, Springett, Woods, Ingham, Petchy, Rutter, and Andrews. Between them they missed only six League games, Springett, Ingham and Andrews being ever present.

The attacking side of the picture was nothing like so bright. Fourteen forwards were tried.

Only 61 goals were scored, and Gillingham alone gained fewer. Rangers have met this situation intelligently. They have sacrificed a promising young winger in Mike Hellowell, to gain two thrustful, goal-scoring inside-men, as well as some cash to help balance the budget.

They let Hellowell go to Birmingham in exchange for Bill Finney and enough money to pay Colchester about £1,500 for Eddie Smith.

For the red-headed Smith, history turns a full cycle. Rangers were his first League club. It was only 14 when he played for their first team against Aldershot in war-time football.

Finney was formerly with Stoke City, his home club. The former Stoke manager, Arthur Turner, took him to Birmingham the season before last, and Finney proved himself a real worker.

At Selhurst Park, the emphasis is on fitness, enthusiasm and development of talent.

"Our young players have been getting valuable experience," says manager Cyril Spiers, entering his third year with the club. "They know what they are up against. There is less likelihood of the kind of panic they have shown in the past when things have not gone right."

"There is no doubt about their ability. We have just been waiting a couple of years for them to gain experience. We might go a long way this season."

£1,200 STAFF

"If Mike Deakin gets even breaks at centre-forward, he should get stick of goals. I reckon he has been the unluckiest player I have ever seen for hitting the post."

The 32 professionals now on their staff have cost Palace only £1,200. This is some difference from the money that was spent before Spiers arrived.

Palace have signed, as a professional John Dennis, 17-year-old outside-right formerly on Arsenal's ground staff.

(London Express Service)

Compton's Bowling

Middlesex skipper Bill Edrich has an explanation for the increased bowling of Denis Compton's bowling. "Because of his bad knee," says Bill, "he can no longer throw his weight forward on to his front foot. He has to lie back and, toss the ball more into the air. This enables him to give it more spin." It is not generally realised that Compton has taken over 600 first class wickets.

The Near And The Far In The World Of Sport

NOW OUR LOCAL SWORDSMEN HAVE A FOLLOWING

After A Long Struggle For Recognition

By I. M. MacTAVISH

"What a difference a day makes" . . . so went the first line of a popular song of not so long ago. As far as Colony sport is concerned it might well be amended to "What a difference a year makes" . . . and be dedicated to the small band of enthusiasts who have inspired fencing in our midst.

I remember visiting the European YMCA on a night when the Colony Fencing Championships were being fought out: and I remember dividing my thoughts between the excellence of the entertainment served up and the almost complete absence of spectators wishing to enjoy it.

After the championships had been completed a magnificent collection of trophies was duly handed over to the appropriate winners and it seemed to me a tragedy that a mere handful of onlookers should be present at such a time.

Such apathy could very easily have discouraged all but the most enthusiastic of sportsmen, yet with a gallant loyalty to their sport and an unflinching belief that it would eventually win its rightful place in our already heavily filled calendar of activities, they kept plugging away . . . and what is more they have won.

The visiting swordsmen from Japan proved earlier this week that they were too good for the Hongkong Selection which took the floor against them. However, quite apart from the useful information it gained about its young and not-so-young fencers, the Hongkong Amateur Fencing Association also found out that at last the public has placed real valuation on the sport and is prepared to turn out in healthy numbers to see the Colony representatives in action.

The large crowd which packed the YWCA on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday got a wonderful ration of honest-to-goodness entertainment and even if many of the spectators lacked an intimate knowledge of the finer points of the various weapons, they learned fast.

What a wonderful reward all this was for Peter Williams and his colleagues who have striven so manfully behind the scenes to put this grand old sport into its rightful place in public affection.

SELFLESS STRUGGLE

It has been a selfless and unselfish struggle and for that reason alone the end justifies the means . . . if only for the satisfaction which the organisers must have gained from the heart-warming sight of seeing the spectators rolling into the hall.

Sometimes a sporting event has attracted a crowd on the basis of curiosity, and the spectators later drifted away again. I do not believe this will happen with fencing. The HKFAA has built its new foundation.

Earlier disappointments were accepted as challenges to be taken up and overcome . . . and all the time the merits of the sport were being quietly explained to all who were willing to listen.

Youngsters who showed even a glimmer of interest were encouraged to go along and try their hand: no novice was too raw to cross swords with the champions who—in their turn—were always ready and willing to share their knowledge with a newcomer.

It is on this basis that fencing has firmly established its claim to a place of prominence among our competitive sports . . . and I believe quite honestly that much of what has been achieved is due to the happy inter-community relationships which exist within the Hongkong Amateur Fencing Association.

The only thing that matters there is whether or not a person—man or woman—wants to fence: there are no other con-

siderations. The sheer simplicity of such an attitude is now beginning to pay real dividends . . . and this in spite of a spot or two of unworthy and unjustified hostility from unqualified external influences.

YEARS OF WORK

The success which is now attending the efforts of the local association is the result of several years of hard work. The men in control have built up excellent public relations with the press, radio and television and they have always been ready to go out and tell the community about the merits of their sport and those who are active in it.

The progressive attitude of our Fencing Association is indeed a shining example of what can be done if love-of-the-game, determination, and individual unselfishness are present in the right quantities. Long may our swordsmen's blades flash . . . and may the full strength Hongkong team turn the tables on our Japanese visitors when they meet again in the big Interport match in September.

Recent incidents of hostility at football matches in different parts of the world, culminating in another shocking affair in Malaysia, earlier this week, serve only to emphasise how fortunate we are that such happenings are absent from our soccer affairs here in Hongkong.

The Colony soccer crowds must be among the most orderly in the world and there is no doubt that the man in the street would much rather see his football in comfort and without the unavourable trimmings that seem to be a constant threat in other places. Nevertheless it would be wrong to assume that the thousands who fill our stadium and, probably more important as far as this particular context is concerned, follow the football fans on the open spaces at Happy Valley, are utterly indifferent and will accept all sorts of provocative circumstances in a spirit of impassiveness.

Such an assumption would be dangerous and it is therefore timely to reflect on the thoroughness of the co-operation between the HKFAA and the Police and the expert judgment which both organisations show in the matter of crowd control.

WORKED TOGETHER
The Football Association and the Police get more than their fair share of criticism for many diverse reasons, but there can be nothing but praise for the way they have worked together in developing the art of handling the scattered crowds at the Racecourse as well as the large crowds that pack into the main ground on big match days.

The success which has attended these combined operations has been due to unceasing planning on one side and unobtrusive, tactful control on the other.

In common with many others I have issued a few, quiet if sanguinary oaths when my car has suddenly been diverted from what I thought was the best route to or from a particular ground.

In the peculiar isolation of streets packed with cars and pedestrians, all pressing on towards the big match, I have sometimes doubted the sanity

of the policeman who impassively—but firmly—pointed out the route I would take.

Let's not pretend that I appreciated the situation. I didn't . . . but when commonsense returned it was easy to see that the MacTavish route was a good one . . . for MacTavish, but that the Police route was a good one for the whole 25,000 to 30,000 other souls who, like me, no doubt, thought they knew twenty-five to thirty thousand better or quicker ways of getting to the match . . . but that is human nature after all.

In the months that lie ahead the Hongkong Football Association and the Hongkong Police will have to face many big problems of crowd control. Our main stadium are not the most accessible . . . and neither are they the easiest to clear . . . but it would be well for spectators to remember that both the arrangements for filling the grounds and the plan for dispersing the crowds when the match is over are devised for the sole purpose of assailing the fans to enjoy their football in as much comfort as possible.

You might very well think that in your wisdom—or in your job—you could do a better job, but that must remain unsatisfied.

MUST FIT IN

This is one time when individuals must fit into a master plan and I can only say in retrospect that the combined efforts of the HKFAA and the Police have worked excellently up to now . . . and with the helpful co-operation of the football public they will go on working well . . . in fact they will improve still further with the experience gained on every big occasion.

I still like to recall a remark made to me outside the Hongkong Stadium by a senior police officer some time ago and in a spirit of some frustration, I selfishly explained my personal travel problem . . . "Oh, it's a worry alright," he said. "Now multiply it by about twenty-five thousand and you'll know how we are feeling at this moment."

Makes you think, doesn't it? Common sense and co-operation with the authorities will save you a lot of ulcer and blood-pressure trouble in the season just ahead . . . try it, and see for yourself.

To finish here is a brief footnote. The mail bag this week contained a most interesting letter from colourful Terry Hogan, the former-Colony and Army star now back home in England. Contrary to many confident statements, Hogan has decided to shape his own football future and has signed for Hartlepool, his hometown team . . . as an AMATEUR.

UMPIRE WON

When Cowbridge played Brecon at cricket in South Wales Cowbridge scored 120 and lost wickets 120. As the last batsman was walking to the wicket the home umpire slipped out the stumps declaring the match drawn as the batsman was allowed two minutes to take strike and there was only one minute left for play!

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SPORTSHIRTS

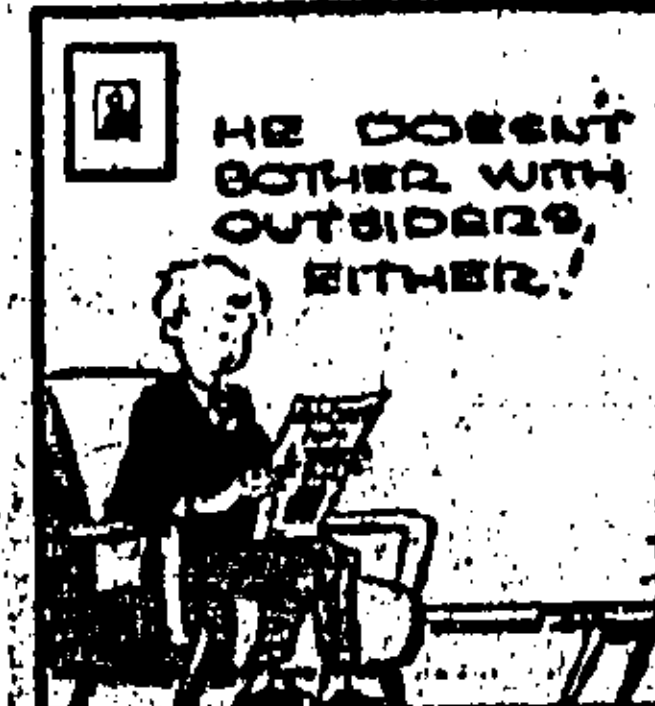
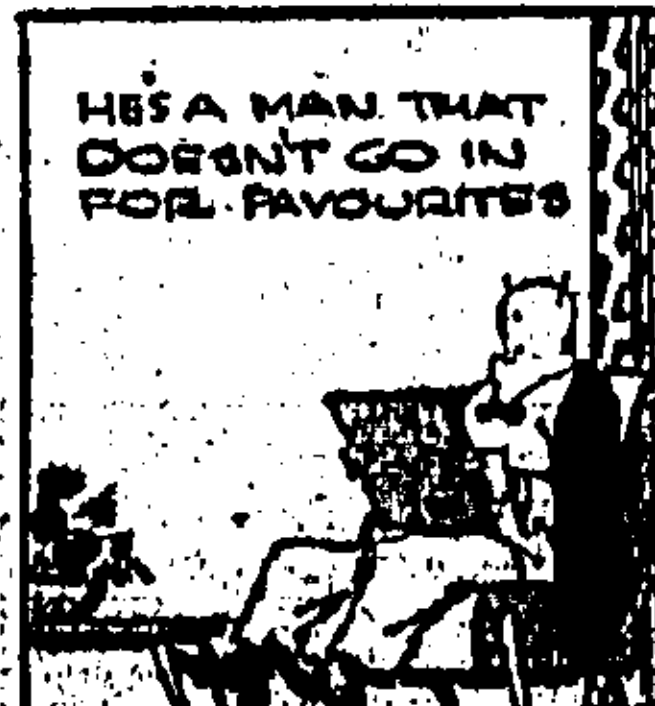


Here's one of a group of sportshirts that will make every man happy . . . handsome, well-tailored sportshirts by Coopers.

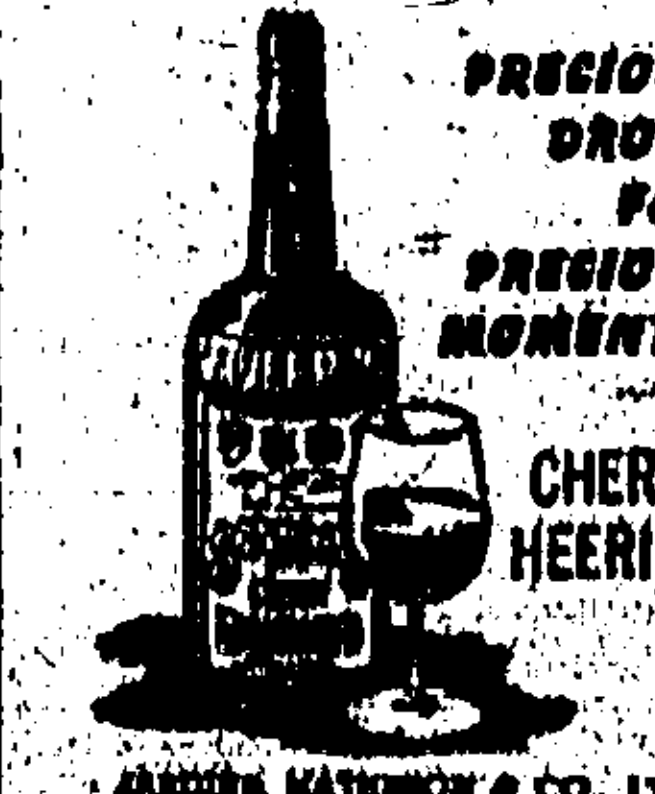
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AT HONG KONG'S BETTER STORES

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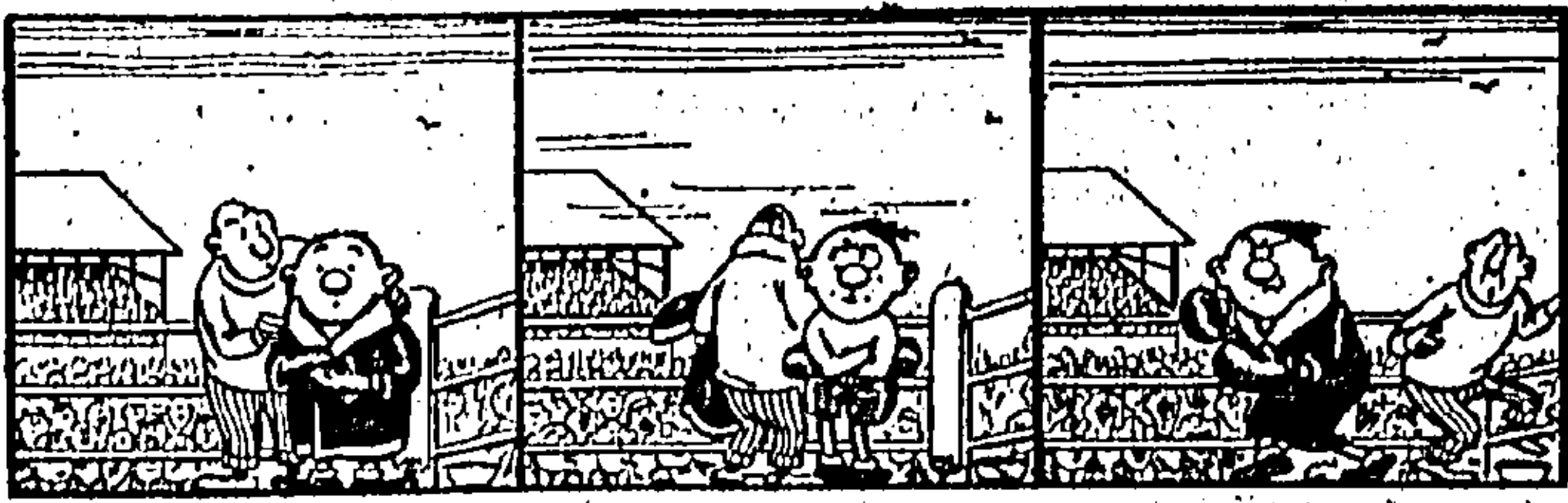
Classics student



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SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



RUSSIANS ARE WORKING TO A TWO-PART DEVELOPMENT PLAN FOR BIG TENNIS

By DEREK JOHN

London. Russians at Wimbledon in 1959. That is my forecast after studying the Soviet Union's efforts to become a first-class power in international lawn tennis.

The Russians joined the International Lawn Tennis Federation last year, and now, with typical thoroughness, they are working to a two-part "development" plan.

Part one of the campaign concerns administration and equipment. They have built a new tennis stadium in Moscow—Lenin Stadium—which has a centre court to accommodate 18,000 spectators, and thirty-four other courts. Arrangements are being made to build tennis courts throughout the country.

Part two of Operation Tennis aims to improve the standard of Russian play. This is the more difficult task, at present the Russians are well below world class.

But the Russians are tremendously keen to learn and they have already made great strides this year. They sent observers to Wimbledon and persuaded Fred Perry, three times Wimbledon Champion, to coach some of their top players in Moscow. And this month they have staged their first international lawn tennis tournament.

The Russians still have a long way to go and I doubt if they will advance rapidly enough to compete at Wimbledon next year. But they have several players of great promise—particularly among the women.

One name to watch is Irina Rikhtanova who, at 18, with proper training, could become another "Little Mo". She started playing tennis when she was twelve and last year became Soviet Junior Champion.

Russia has never yet sent a team to Wimbledon, but between the world was several "White" Russians played as individuals there. The most distinguished of these was D. D. Prens—but he never played for Russia.

As a boy he left his own country during the revolution. He played for Germany in the Davis Cup and during the Hitler ascendancy he settled in England. Last year his son Oliver became British Junior Champion.

GRAND PRIX RACING

Forget those reports that Enzo Ferrari, Italy's crack car builder, will withdraw from Grand Prix racing next year. There is no truth in them whatsoever.

My authority for the statement: Signor Ferrari. He dismisses the rumours as "just silly".

"I say nothing about the future to anybody. After all, it is impossible to make definite plans with motor racing in its present state. I do not know yet what I shall do next year. But rumours that I am leaving Grand Prix racing are ridiculous."

It is known, however, that Ferrari suffered grievously when the Marquis de Portago died in the Mille Miglia race. Because of the disaster he has so far refused to enter cars for Italian events.

Some time previously Signor Ferrari, now aged 60, suffered a severe blow when Italian Champion driver Eugenio Castellotti was killed practising at Modena.

He was also like a father to Alberto Ascari, the Milan ace, who was killed over two years ago.

Following her record-breaking crossing of the Bristol Channel—eleven miles in 6 hours 7 minutes—American swimmer Miss Florence Chadwick is preparing to swim the Irish Sea.

She plans to cross from Donaghadee, Northern Ireland, to Portpatrick, Scotland, a distance of twenty-one and a half miles.

Miss Chadwick, holder of ten world swimming records, is now 30 years old. But her fitness is still remarkable.

After swimming the Bristol Channel by night she went to bed at six o'clock in the morning and was up again at nine to wash her hair. She was fresher than any of the boat crew who accompanied her.

What did she get out of that big swim? "Nothing but honour and glory," she says.

It was sponsored by a country club near New York, called the Greening. The club pays generously towards her expenses.

GRIEVES HAS A GRIEVANCE

By W. CAPEL KIRBY

Having declared their intention to give footballers a fairer deal—the rules are already under revision for that purpose—I suggest the League Management Committee should call Sir John Bolton and find why Bolton Wanderers gave Ken Grieves the brush-off without giving him a benefit.

Last January this colourful goalkeeping Lancashire cricketer expected a benefit cheque for £750.

All Bolton have given him for more than five years' loyal service is a free transfer.

Bolton's argument is that he put cricket before football, but Ken assures me the reverse was the case. Kettering have made Grieves an attractive offer but he is not keen to drop out of League football—not even after his treatment at Bolton.

Sad footballer I saw in a group of 80 attending an FA coaching course at Lillieshall was Ruhl Karaduman, Turkish international full-back who couldn't speak or understand a word, but made copious notes.

IMPORTANT DATE

The other Friday was an important date in Matt Busby's diary. It was Monday at St Patrick's College, which meant Manchester United were free to approach this Manchester schoolboy international. Watching Siles playing against Germany in Stuttgart, he reminded me of Henry Cockburn in build, style and tackling tenacity.

Walter Winterbottom will be chief adjudicator of the first international football coaching course to be held in Eire, starting on August 12, under the control of George Wardle.

former Middlesbrough, Exeter City, Queen's Park Rangers and Chelsea player. Assisting him will be Ken Chisholm, Jackie Milburn, Frank Brennan and Oscar Hold.

Gordon Bradley has not yet reported for training at Mendow. Lane but Nottingham's new manager, Tommy Lawton, last worried about his goalkeeper's fitness. Another professional footballer competing is Will Chilly. Remember him? Chelsea, Plymouth Argyle and Reading. Neither does Queen's Park Rangers have Jack Taylor have to worry about Les Locke's fitness. It was this Scottish amateur international inside-forward whose unselfish pace-making enabled Derek Ibbotson to turn in another sick mile at Manchester recently.

IT'S SO PUZZLING

Wrexham confesses to leading a shoe-string existence, yet they allowed Leyton Orient to match Welsh amateur international Cyril Lea off their doorstep for £10 signing fee, then went to Scotland with a four-figure cheque for Bill Dallas, former Luton Town player at St Mirren.

WINGER WANTED

Peterborough United have signed five players—Terry Smith (Leicester), Derek Chadwick (Stockport County), Keith Bannister (Norwich), Jimmy Walker (Sheffield United) and Jimmy O'Donnell (Leeds).

Sports Diary

TODAY

1st Division: CCC v. Rotherham, 2nd Division: Blue v. FC, Rotherham v. HFC, 3rd Division: HFC v. Rotherham, HFC v. CCC, CCC v. HFC.

Ladies' Triples: Matches at KEGG, Soccer.

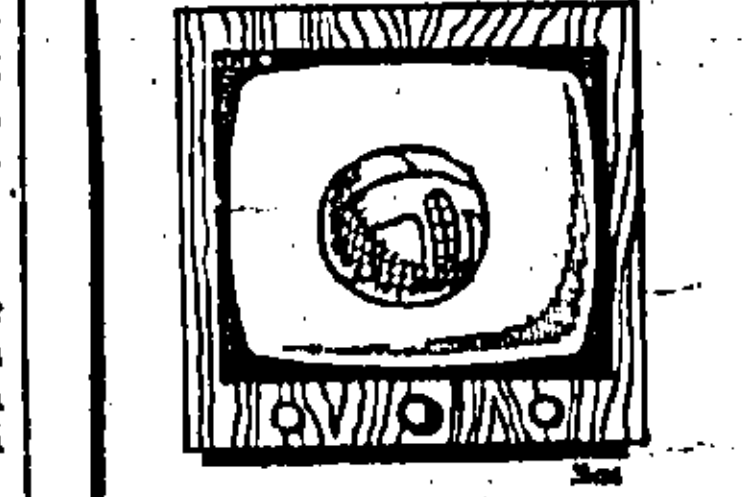
CAAF Cup: South China v. KMD (Caroline Hill) p.m.

Swimming.

LRC Swimming Championships, 3 p.m. USRC Children's Swimming Gala, 2.30 p.m. Heat for Chinese Swimming Camps, Chung Sing Pavilion.

Around The World

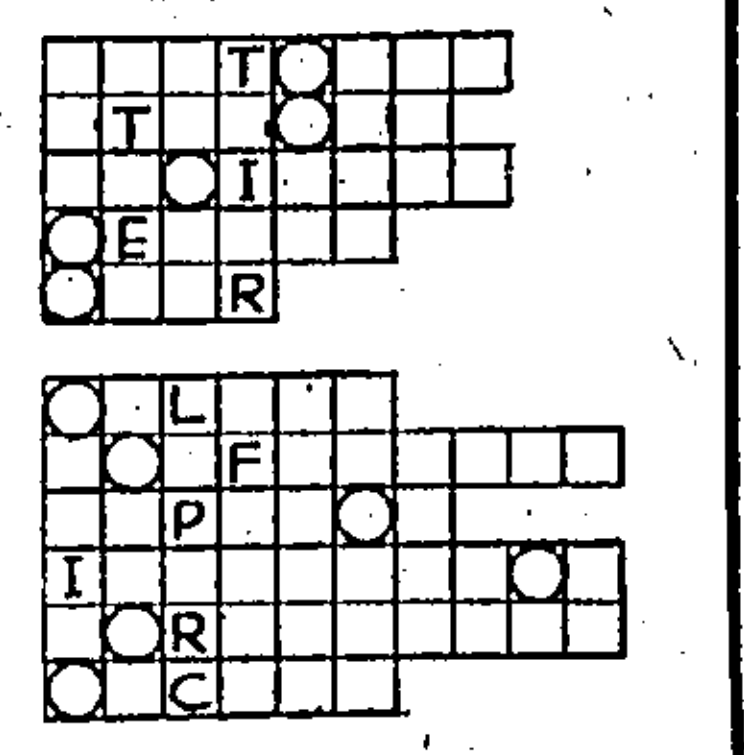
Florence Chadwick, the Californian who has just swum the English Channel, and had previously conquered the English Channel, the Bosphorus, San Diego Bay and the Straits of Gibraltar, claims that she has averaged 18 miles of swimming a week for the past 27 years—a total of 25,000 miles or once round the Equator! Her next attempt is on the Irish Channel.



- 1 Winter game
- 2 Arena
- 3 At Wolverhampton
- 4 Measure of distance
- 5 Not a leap one
- 6 Wild beasts
- 7 Trade
- 8 Skipper
- 9 The Forth for instance?
- 10 This lad
- 11 Equipment

NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



Solution on Back Page

United)—but still need an out-side left. George Swindin fancied Pat Keating, but on inquiry at Chesterfield was told that a knee injury leaves his career in doubt.

DICK FRANCIS Asks

Can You Afford A Racehorse?

Have you ever imagined owning a racehorse, of being in the owners' stand at Ascot and cheering your brave, flashing two-year-old (next year's classics in view) as he floors the opposition with a brilliant winning run?

It is the owner's dream come true, the peak of his day, the intoxicator of his spirit. Even the few people who win 20 races a year never lose the thrill of seeing their horses win; and those to whom winning is still a dream rarely desert their hopeful hobby.

Some day, somewhere, they are sure their horse will win. Meanwhile they are content with the thrill of seeing their horse on the course, or with watching him develop, or simply with the satisfaction of possessing such a beautiful animal.

But, coming down to earth, how much does it cost? The minimum yearly sum is about £750.

£10 TRAINING FEE

The purchase price of a horse may be £30 or £30,000, but the cost of training him is the same in each case.

Trainers' fees in fashionable stables now £10 for each horse. This is roughly what it actually costs, in fodder, wages, and overheads, to keep him.

A typical account for one week's training, including a flat race about 75 miles from home, is made up as follows:—Training fee—£10; blacksmith—£1 5s; veterinary fee—£1 1s; entry fee to race—£5; jockey's fee—£5; horse-box hire—£15. Total £37 6s.

If the horse loses, betting money may have to be added to the reckoning. If he wins, the prize will pay all these expenses, and also provide presents for trainer, jockey, and stable lads, horses all round, and champagne for friends in the bar!

It may also pay the training bill for a while, should the next venture prove less happy. The

second and third prizes often do not cover the expenses of the race.

The average flat race entry fee, if the horse's name is not withdrawn a week before the race, is £5.

For the classics, and valuable stake races, the figure is seldom less than £100. It is £100 too for the Grand National.

On the credit side there are travelling allowances, prize money, and the long-term possibility of stud fees.

All owners are popularly supposed to win a fortune in bets. Very few do, but most, taking the season as a whole, are lucky to break even.

Fixed travelling allowances are allotted by the totalisator to every horse which runs at any meeting. These are £3 if the horse has come less than 80 miles, £6 10s, between 80 and 150 miles, and £12 over that distance.

HOPEFUL OWNERS

Some meetings offer a subsidy of a few pounds to encourage owners to send their horses.

Chances of winning with a really poor animal are small, but a lot can be managed for an average horse if he is sensibly entered in the less important races.

Unfortunately for themselves, many owners overrate their horses, and insist on running them (without results) in a class too good for them. Perhaps these owners truly feel more satisfaction in being lost in the Derby than first in a maiden race at Ascot or Park.

On the whole, a well-bred horse, if he wins two or three good races, will eventually repay in stud fees his original purchase price and make a sound profit for his owner.

There are, of course—and luckily, especially for National Hunt racing—thousands of owners for whom the joy of the sport is more important than the possibility of profit.

The whole industry of racing is built upon their pleasure, and would collapse without it.

(London Express Service).

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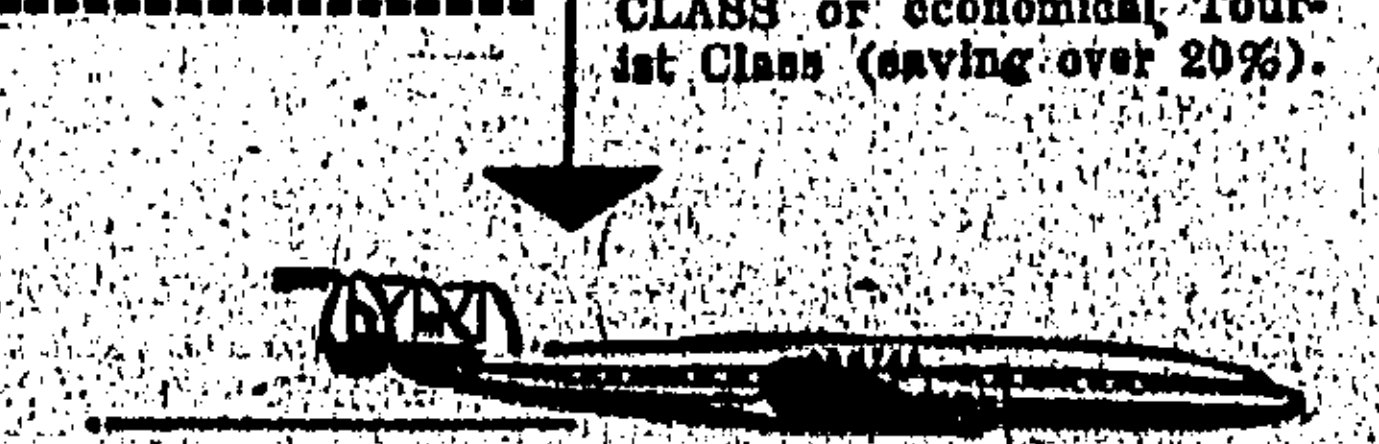
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by QANTAS

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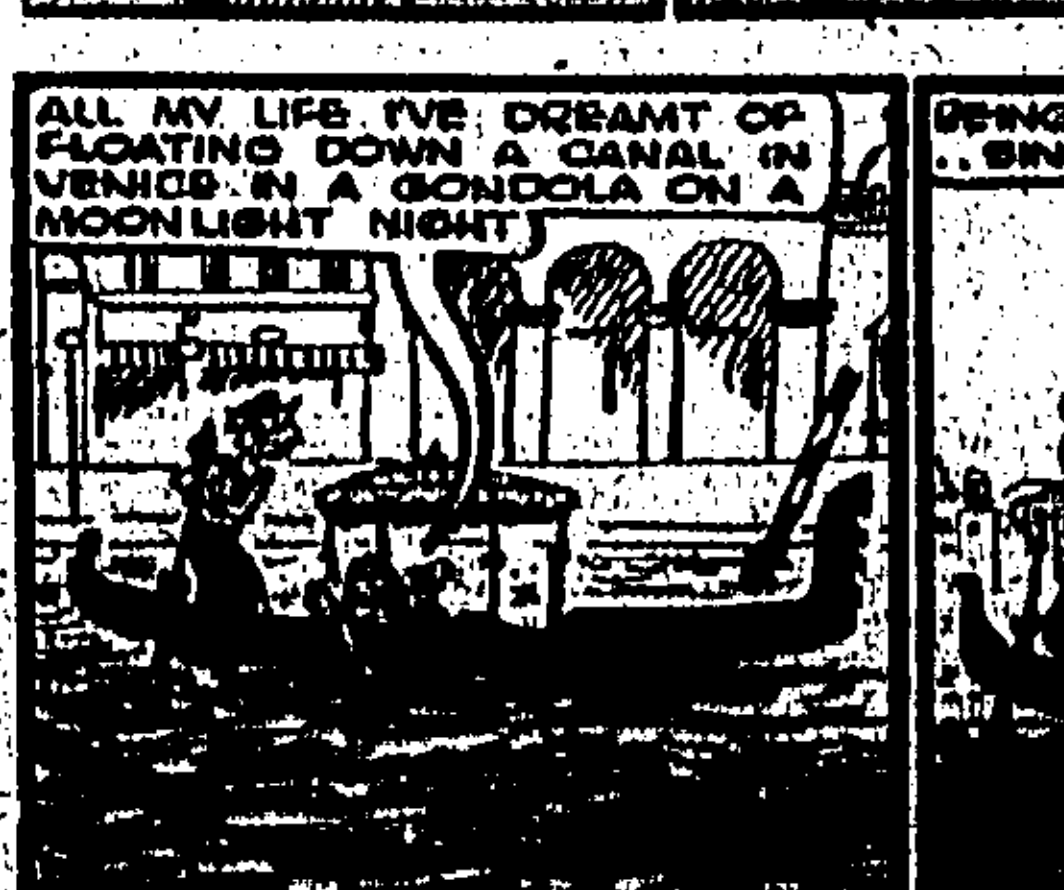
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THE GAMBOLS

by BOBBY APPLEBY



YOU'LL ALWAYS BE 'IN HOT WATER'



YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24

BORN on this first day of the incoming sign, Virgo, you are ruled by Mercury, the ancient god of knowledge—the messenger of the gods. You have an electric personality. You are ambitious and practical, although inclined to be over-critical of those who may not agree with you. Your one desire in life seems to be to lead a quiet, calm existence. Yet you are continually being caught up in crises over which you seem to have no control.

Fortunately you have a keen sense of humour and are able to laugh at yourself as well as at the foibles of the rest of the world. You have a gift for public speaking and might make an excellent lecturer or teacher. You are definitely a bookworm and will read voraciously. You probably will want a large library of your own. Interested in the current problems of the day, you will want to keep well-informed of all that goes on in the world around you. You do not always accept the status quo and may come up with something much better. You initiate action rather than follow others.

Sympathetic and affectionate, you are fond of children and will want a large family of your own. Denied this, you will probably be "aunt" or "uncle" to every child of your acquaintance. Because of your intellectual and cultural yearnings, you are destined to have an inner life which few, if any, ever will sense. In selecting your marriage partner, make sure that you find someone with whom you can share your life. You probably will have hosts of acquaintances but few close friends.

Among those born on this date were: Walter Pritchard Eaton, author and artist; Max Beerbaum, satirist; King Ferdinand of Rumania; Robert McBride, publisher; Theodore Parker, reformer; Willy Fogarty, critic; and William A. Proctor, manufacturer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 25

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A new moon and a day for resting up and making future plans important to your immediate contentment and happiness.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A rather slow, routine day, so take advantage of the lull to relax tensions and seek spiritual revitalization.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—One of those so-so days. The next four weeks are important ones, so make careful plans for your future schedule.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Emphasis for the next four weeks is on your career. Make a careful schedule of your activities and stick to it.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—New channels are being opened for you during the next few weeks. Be prepared to act upon them instantly.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Business affairs, take a spurt forward, and it looks as if this might be a money-making period for you.

BORN today, you have a tremendous store of physical and nervous energy. Once you have your mind set on an objective, nothing can interfere with your following through to a successful completion. You have a retentive memory and a flair for the dramatic. Your gift for the written and spoken word is outstanding and you probably would do well in the field of popular writing. You have a great capacity for hard work which should help you to get where you want to go at a fairly early age.

If you have one major fault, it is the tendency to be pessimistic and think ill of others until proved otherwise. You are strictly an individualist and are inclined to think that your way of doing things is the one and only way. Hence, if others disagree, you immediately create them off your list. It might be wiser for you to wait and let the test of time tell the true story.

You are impulsive and often dive off the deep end without giving proper consideration to both sides of a question. You snap judgments—and then later find you have to make readjustments. It might be better, in the long run, to postpone expressing your opinions, gained from first impressions.

Magnetic and charming, you are attractive to members of the opposite sex and will have more than one opportunity to wed. Be especially cautious in your selection of a marriage partner, for a great deal of your future contentment—even material success—may depend upon your choice. You do your best work when you have emotional peace of mind!

Among those born on this date were: Allan Pinkerton, famous detective; Bret Harte and Waldo Frank, authors; Robert Stolz, conductor; Bob Crosby, band leader; Ruby Keeler, dancer and actress; and George Pawcett, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 26

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Today brings a three-day period of extra-line good fortune. Keep on your toes and be prepared to act fast.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Use all the good breaks and the best possible advantage and thus further your major objective in life.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Your luck is in! End the month on a triumphant note of achievement! Get exactly what you want now.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Business matters involving close friends and associates should be handled expeditiously at this time.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If your job is buying and selling, then look forward to a period of good profit-taking. Prospects are good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you are socially ambitious, then this is a period in which you may advance your prestige.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Business is fine. You may be a little more adventuresome than usual today and anticipate success.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Properly matters can be settled to your distinct financial advantage now. Real estate deals are well favoured.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Three days of good fortune for anything which you may wish to undertake. Play the field—and win!

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—There is romance in the air for you. A fine day, perhaps, to

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

ROBOT TEACHER

The world's first robot teacher has been invented by British scientists.

It is an electronic brain which can replace the human instructor in the classroom.

And its inventor claims that it can get into closer touch with the pupil's mind than a human teacher can.

I saw the machine in action one day at a laboratory in Dorking, Surrey, where it has been built by a team led by Mr. Christopher Bailey, an electronics expert.

The first model has been designed to teach touch-typing in less than half the time taken by the best human teacher.

It can be modified to teach arithmetic, advanced mathematics, and even music, claims Mr. Bailey.

SO PATIENT

He says: "This box of wires and valves may lack the personal touch, but it has the advantage of being so patient that it never loses its temper even with the dullest pupil, and shows no favouritism."

PER CENT

Mr. Ogden Nash (once wrote: "I think that I shall never see a billboard lovely as a tree."

It seems that some members of Congress have, indeed, seen billboards lovelier than trees.

At any rate an attempt to put legislation through Congress to limit the number of billboards which may obscure the trees on Federal highways has met with frustration at every stage.

First, the proposed legislation was adjusted and readjusted until it contained only the single rather curious provision that Federal grants to states for highway building would be increased by three quarters of one per cent in the case of any state which agreed to enter into a signboard control agreement with the government.

The amount of money is, almost certainly, smaller than the amount that the states could recoup from levies on billboards.

But even that was not enough.

The legislation has been studiously ignored by the Public Works Committee, which must pass on it before it goes back to the Senate itself for final approval.

The President has said sadly: "While I am against these billboards that mar our scenery, I don't see what I can do about it."

The President's advisers, as a matter of fact, regard the issue as one of principle involving the Federal right to regulate the do not wish to encroach further upon states' rights.

But, meanwhile, the rest of Mr. Nash's poem is all too applicable: "Perhaps unless the billboard falls, 'I'll never see a tree at all.'"

CROSSWORD

Across
1. Wartime supply system. (5-4)
2. Join up. (7)
3. It may be a bit of a blind. (4)
4. Keep this powder dry. (4)
5. This must bear the overheads of all the branches. (4-6)
6. Fish in steelworks. (3)
7. One to a gangster. (4)
8. Street order in hold-up. (8)
9. Anna's home country. (4)
10. Just placed this on. (6)
11. Difficult music to grasp? (6, 4)

Down
1. They talk you into accepting education. (10)
2. Big is putting it mildly. (8)
3. So soon? It sounds as if every-thing is prepared. (7)
4. Exit, nothing to do with the main argument. (7)
5. Select few benefit from this teaching. (8)
6. It's said to be brilliant. (4)
7. Nothing to this clue. (3)
8. Look so if the birds rattle a loud noise over this killing. (6, 5)
9. The first part of 12. (3)
10. A Brooklyn, maybe. (4)
11. Do it how? (4)
12. To me in Paris. (1, 3)
13. A theatrical proceeding. (3)
14. Yesterday's solution.

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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Good Play And Luck Net Slam

By OSWALD JACOBY

WALTER SCHAEFER of New York writes: "When my partner rebid his spades for the third time I gave up the struggle to play my own club suit. If West had been willing to take a moderate profit there would be no story but West chose to double. I knew his doubles of old and ran out of six clubs. My partner looked mad but decided to let me suffer and passed. East doubled and West opened the queen of diamonds.

"I won in dummy, led the singleton club and finessed the ten. I played the ace of clubs and West showed out. A successful spade finesse came next and I played dummy's ace of spades. East ruffed and I over-ruffed. Now I was able to pick up East's trumps and get one diamond.

North (D)
A Q 3 5
A 9 3
A K J 2
A 6

West EAST
K 10 9 8 7 4
Q 10 8 4 2
Q 7 5 4 3
A 5 J 7 4 3 2

South
A 3
J 7 6
10 9 8
A K Q 10 9 8

North and South vulnerable
North East South West
1. Pass 2. Pass
3. Pass 4. Pass
5. Pass 6. Pass
Pass Pass 6. Pass
Pass Double Pass Pass
Pass

Opening lead—♦ Q

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Q 10 8 4 2
Q 7 5 4 3
A 5 J 7 4 3 2

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J 7 6
10 9 8
A K Q 10 9 8

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